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PRESENTED BY

*John Davies.
Liverpool*

THE

WANDERER

AND OTHER

POEMS,

BY

JOHN DORLIN SANDLAND.

CHIEFLY WRITTEN DURING A RESIDENCE IN
SOUTH AMERICA.

"But why then publish?—there are no rewards
Of fame or profit when the world grows weary;
I ask in turn,—Why do you play at cards?
Why drink?—Why read?—To make some hour less dreary,
It occupies me to turn back regards
On what I've seen or ponder'd sad or cheery;
And what I write I cast upon the stream,
To swim or sink—I have at least my dream."

BYRON.

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Life
Bertram Smith
May 1, 1933

LIVERPOOL

HUGH GAWTHROP, PRINTER, NORTH JOHN STREET.

TO
CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.,

THE FOLLOWING POEMS

ARE INSCRIBED,

BY ONE

WHO, A SINCERE ADMIRER OF HIS WRITINGS,

TAKES THIS MEANS OF

SHEWING HIS RESPECT FOR AN AUTHOR,

THE INFLUENCE OF

WHOSE GENIUS HAS ILLUMINED WITH A SMILE THE COUNTENANCES

ROUND EVERY FIRESIDE IN BRITAIN.



P R E F A C E .

FROM the Author having, in the solitude of his leisure hours, during a four years' residence in the Brazils, been forced to look round for something tending to the recreation of the mind, that otherwise might have become dull or indolent from lassitude, is to be found the source from whence has flown the production of the following Poems.

Had he re-written or revised them, he might possibly have improved, but more probably destroyed what merit they may now possess; for he has ever judged it the better, to hold by the description of the first impression, while it was still fresh on the memory, though even the observance might be a little unsatisfactory; for despite of all, it generally carries with it more of the *truth* of our thought.

Who hath not remarked, after the viewing of some

noble statue or painting, that those delicate and finely-turned curves and touches, that tell the power of the Great Master of the Art, and in the which truly exists its excellence, that upon endeavouring sometime afterwards to describe it, we find those slender threads to the knowledge of its beauty have faded from our memory; and it remains floating there—all beauty, certainly—but the visionary beauty of the Sylph.

Is a description to be obtained from this?—No—we must be contented with our first glimpse of the *Reality*, before it blends itself into the *Ideal*.

Blakeney, Gloucestershire, August, 1845.

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THE WANDERER.

"Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee."

GOLDSMITH.



THE DEPARTURE.

Night rode high enthroned upon the zenith ;
And the stars bedecked her dark blue garments,
That spread their shadows o'er a sleeping world ;
The waves forgot their murmurings, and slept
Along with all mortality—in peace.
Nature's voice was silent as the tomb, save
When the winds, sighed at their own loneliness
And impotence——

He stood upon the pier
Rapt in his own sad thoughts ;—friends of his youth
Were gathered round him—but, he was alone :
Within himself—there—all was bitterness—
Yet the still silence of the noon of night
Would shed a soothing spirit o'er his soul.
He gazed upon the water's glittering calm,

The trembling of the star-lit mirror there ;
But his eye saw it not—it saw,—nothing
But visions of the home he left behind.
Joys of his infancy were there, and scenes
Of boyhood swept in review before him ;
And fond and treasured recollections of
A later date, crowded his mind's landscape ;
His home, shone trebled in each loveliness,
Till his heart throbb'd with the convulsions wild
Of its own feelings——

Now on board—the ship
Moved from her berth into the gut that led
Unto the pathway of the heaving deep.
There was a steamer at the pier, that lay
Waiting their coming ; and puffing on high
A thick dark canopy of smoke, that midst
The calmness of the night would hover o'er
Each vessel ; which, to his excited mind
Moulded itself in wild fantastic shapes,
That while they floated on the air away,
Each breath that moved them shook their hugh gaunt
forms

Waving their arms to warn him to return :
And, they were obeyed—he *did* return—the
Deep solemnity of the midnight hour
Was to his strung feelings far too trying ;
And the reprieve took from his heart a load
That left it, to palpitate more freely.

Home—he returned to thee ; and on the morrow,
When the bright sun had risen high into
The mid-day of his brightness—his warm rays
Threw a glad halo o'er old Mersey's wave :
Barks skimmed her tranquil surface, and on high
Flags of a hundred nations streamed in air ;
Ocean's young blooming daughter stood exposed
Almost in regal majesty and power ;
Thousands of vessels nestled in her lap,
Forests of masts were penciled on her sky :—
And like the eagle pluming for its flight,
Numbers were seen to spread their canvass wings,
Which soon, filled with the breeze,—that kissed, then
bore
Them o'er the silver surface of the deep

Exultingly——to cleave the parting wave,
And ride the crystal waters as their lord.

Midst such a scene as this, parting became
More bearable, and he pressed each friend's hand
In silence—with a smile that spoke—if not
Devoid of pain—at least, of bitterness.

THE LAST GLIMPSE.

'T is night again, the third since he has left ;
And Britain's isle has faded with the sun,
Beneath the broad Atlantic's dark blue wave ;
And when he turned his eyes, to gaze on that loved spot,
Where its tall cliffs late melted from his view ;
Sad, with the visioned thoughts of his lost home,
He climbs the mast to see it yet once more :—
He sees ! he sees !—ah ! no—'t was but a speck,
A fleecy cloud on the horizon, that
Skimming the bosom of the deep—is here —
Now gone—he turns, the moon's pale light reflects
Upon the waters far and near, and shows
Nought but the blue of heaven and of sea,
And they, far, far away commingle.

The
Thread that has bound him to his native shore,
Has snapped asunder ; and he is alone—
Upon the waste of waters.

THE ADIEU.

Adieu !—Why weepest thou for me ?

Farewell !—that tear has hallowed thee !

Mourn not—we yet, again may be—

Together.

Farewell ! farewell !—yes !—look not *now*,

I could not bear to *see* that brow,

While hearts throb to the parting vow—

Together.

Yet, loved one—give not sorrow away—

Adieu !——I cross the salt sea spray—

Still, we may share a sunny ray—

Together.

Mind heedeth not the lapse of space,

Affection pictures still thy face—

Look !—we will view the moon's slow pace—

Together.

How mild—how calm—her influence there—
How bright—how pure—how soft—how fair—
List!—heard you not we sighed in air?—

Together.

Yes! we may view the moonlit sky,
And its bland influence glorify,
And waft our thoughts to meet on high—

Together.

We'll meet again—the words have power,
To arm the breast when tempests lower,
To sooth hearts at the parting hour—

Together.

Yon cloud! that floats in azure blue,
Sweeps on the wind from me to you;
It bears *my* hope—to be anew—

Together.

THE CALM.

'T is now, since his departure the tenth day,
The favoring breeze has died into a calm ;
The ocean's heaving billows cease to roll,
And in the noon day heat have sobbed themselves
To sleep—

The ship, but lately bounding on
Stately and noble, while each dark blue wave
Bowed as her vassal, as she rode them o'er,
Now, on the placid deep, lies motionless,
Save the slight roll, when some stray zephyr comes,
Kisses her sails, and bids a quick farewell ;—
Her broad white pinions for a moment swell,
Then, 'gainst her towering masts, flap fretfully,
As if, they sorrowed at their uselessness.

Part of the crew sit on her snow white deck,
Silent at work, repairing the torn sails ;
Others,—the lighter hands are high aloft,
Lashing fresh tackle to her tapering masts,
That shoot far upwards from the broad flush deck,
Capp'd with the truck that wanders in the sky.
The Captain, pacing to and fro, with brow
Now overcast with thought, his walk oft stopt
To turn and cast a long, long, anxious glance
On all sides ;—but the calm seems bent upon
A long continuance ;—as he turns away
A sigh escapes him ; midst the general calm
The Wanderer on her tafferel sits, and writes
This, in his dreamings.

LINES ON THE OCEAN.

I.

Days—weeks—almost a month has now flown by,
The Wanderer still, is on thy heaving swell
Old Ocean—still, a blue and cloudless sky
Bends to thy cold embrace, seeming to quell
With the soft magic of its heavenly spell,
The bursting fury of thy water's roar ;
Still he, pent in that creaking oaken cell,
Sinks when you pant, will on your breathings soar,
Till from your breast he's cast on South Columbia's
shore.

II,

'Tis they ! who, sailing o'er thy pathless deep ;
So sang the Psalmist—where the ocean lies,
One moment hushed in quiet and in sleep,
Next hurls its waves in thunder to the skies ;
They—in the tempest, have before their eyes
Exposed around—the works amazing—planned
By the Almighty—while the winds arise,
Fierce and tempestuous—roaring waves at hand,
Harsh monitors—breeding thoughts of their distant land.

III.

Ocean ! old monarch !—of thy self sole lord,
Thy throne is on the centre of the earth ;
Its base, deep bedded in its slime—thy ord,
Unknown to mortals—when, with mighty birth,
Startling the universe, thy swelling garth
Spangled with kingdoms girdl'd round thy form,
You rose from chaos—watering its dearth,
Thy crystal billows tossing omniform,
So move they now in calm—gale—hurricane or storm.

IV.

Strange that in life what most we dread should
have,

Be the cause noble that creates it—power
To animate the courage of the brave,
Until they pant to cope with it ;—the hour
When first you see the darkening tempests lower :
Make your breasts swell with bursting thoughts,
too great

For utterance—the foaming billows tower—

You smile to see the ocean's waves dilate,
And break in foam that moon and stars illuminate.

NIGHT ON THE OCEAN.

'Tis night upon the ocean, and the sky,
The clear deep blue that blesses Southern climes ;
The stars shedding around their twinkling light,
Like bright and peerless diamonds ;—fleecy clouds
That float high on the bosom of the breeze,
Skim o'er the sky's dark azure languidly,
As if, they staid to revel with its joy,
And join in its soft air of peacefulness :
And the blue sea—parts its laughing waters
Into a thousand wavelets—that on high
Toss their bright crystal forms—and leave their crests
As snow-drops for the wind to toy with—that
Scatters them in sparkling spray—to dance
In the bright moonbeams.

TO NIGHT.

I.

Tis night, the sky's intensely blue,
Bedecked with stars, of which a few
 Emit a steady light,
Some but a twinkling lustre shed,
Some gleam a moment—then are fled,
Bright meteors, sun beams of the realms of night.

II.

Deeming them rolling worlds, the man
Breathes not on earth, whose mind can scan
 Their vast majestic course
Without emotion—or not feel,
O'er his tranced senses awe to steal,
And the imagination tremble at their force.

III.

Then come dark thoughts of other times,
When Superstition o'er all climes
 Held her despotic sway ;
And man would watch his destined star,
Praying its glimmerings—to unbar
The portaled future, with prophetic ray.

IV.

Roll on ye sparkling planets, roll !
As dotting space—from pole to pole,
 Your steady course ye bend ;
Ages may pass—and ye the same
Will frown on guilt—and cheer on fame—
Till time's unflinching hand, will bring you to an end.

SONG.

"THE HOME OF MY HEART WAS THERE."

Written on the Ocean, Five degrees North of the Line.

I.

The sun had set, and the short twilight,
Of a southern clime fast faded ;
While I watched the play of the meteors bright,
In the sea the vessel shaded.
And the wind that tossed the waves on high,
Scattered each billow's crest in spray,
That flashed in the fading and mellowed light,
Like sheen of spears in the orb of day.
But the ocean's scene—I heeded not,
I turned from the Western glare,
To the dark—dark North—that was ne'er forgot,—
For the home of my heart was there.

II.

The flying fish on their finny wing,
 Skimmed the ocean's dark blue deep ;
And oft the porpoise, with a sudden spring,
 Shot past us with impetuous sweep.
And the scudding ship as it cleft each wave,
 Would scatter it round in foam,
And my moistened eye would survey the track,
 As it curled towards my distant home.—
But the ocean's scene—I heeded not,
 I turned from the Western glare,
To the dark—dark North that was ne'er forgot,
 For the home of my heart was there.

THOUGHTS UPON THE DEEP:

He is now far, far from land, floating on
The mirror of creation's power—a shell
Upon its waste of waters—a mere speck,
Midst its vast immensity—to and fro
Tossing upon its troubled crest—the sails
Swelled by the trade winds, bend the creaking masts
That quiver with the strain; the bows heaving
Proudly above the angry billows—that
Dashing against them, in one sheet of foam,
To rush on either side like falling snow;
And form one broad and bubbling track, that spreads
Hissing amidst the boiling yest astern.

He looks upon the noblest work of man,
His long valued, treasured idol—the mute
Obedient slave of his own creating;
The billows master—and the only form
Wrought here by mortal hands that yet, has braved
The vengeance of the tempest—meet object
Of its wrath—the oaken thunderer—a ship.

He thinks of Britain—dear, loved Britain!—and
Her naval glory ; and his breast swells high
As conscious of his country's power—and then
In over-weening pride of heart, *almost*
Looks upon the waves as fellow subjects.

Peace ! mortal, peace ! yet,—even as he rides,
Gay with the buoyancy of health and youth,
Over thy yet, unknown, unfathomed depth,
He checks his proud, presumptuous, soul to ask—
Ocean what art thou ?—that face, covers what ?
Yes ! in thy secret depth—deep—deep—below
Thy dark blue wave, what hast thou hidden there ?

Still, still, your ever restless billows roll,
Over creation's treasury, of the wrecks
Of ages—Nature at her birth beheld
Thy infancy—that infancy—thy prime ;
Yet, since then—age has swept past age—and still
Thy hungry, avaricious grasp, has fed
'Thy countless monsters with the wealth of worlds ;
Torn by thy waves from the strong vigorous hold
Of proud mortality—himself cast far

From off thy bosom on the crimping sand
Fit retribution for his soaring pride,
To foam with madness—perish in despair ;
His all—his high prized all—snatched from his hands
By thee.—

Behold ! a mighty armament,
The boast of a proud, and great nation, waves
Its pennants over thee—and spreads its sails,
To plow thy billows to some distant land,
And wreak its vengeance on a shrinking foe ;
When lo ! as chaff you scatter them—and then,
Yawns thy watery jaws, and all, even in
The zenith of their might, they are engulfed—
Sucked by thy whirlpools to unfathom'd depths,
And stored amidst thy slime ; to lie—until
The trumpet's blast shall wake the universe,
And from thy monstrous and capacious womb,
Call forth whole worlds of lost mortality !

Oh Britain ! self-styled,—“mistress of the sea ;”
Thy sons are blind with vanity—thy Isle,
Ah ! even it—torn from its base, and dropped

Into this ocean's centre—as it sank
Below its surface, miles and miles, would leave
No ripple from its vortex, that would reach
The shores of Afric' or Columbia
To murmur to the mortals on the beach
A token of thy fate.

And even while he gazes on thy dark,
Unquestionable, ever moving world
Of waters—there is above him—a sky
So bright—so clear—of such a fleecy blue,
That banishing from his heated mind the thought
Of the deep liquid vast below—he turns
His gaze up to it—till his fancy deems
That were a breath of air to reach so high,
'T would part that thin and delicate drapery ;
And then, that Heaven in all its dazzling, and
Overpowering brilliancy of glory,
Would be exposed before him.

A VISION ON THE OCEAN.

The delivery of the body of Napoleon to the French, at St. Helena.

Is it a dream ? or waking phantasm, that
Sweeps past my view in regal majesty ?
I see a small, small island, on the deep,
Rearing its tempest stricken head above
The foam-clad billows of the ocean's swell.
Fleets are around, but are not armed for war,
Decked in the dark sad panoply of woe—
Their streamers waving mournful to the blast
That sighs funebrial cadences from land.

The shore, the heights above, far, far as eye
Can scan, up to their very summits clothed
With human forms, in two long mournful lines.

But who are they descending to the beach
With slow and measured tread of sorrowing ?
Bearing away a warrior from his rest,
The long, last silent rest that ends mortality.

They near the beach—a range of boats are there
Manned by a hundred proud hearts, bent with grief—
The dead is given them—when rose—a shout,
Soaring on high from boats, and ships, that seems
Joined with the cannon's roar to rend, and break,
Creation's frame-work with its echoings.

They sweep from off the shore, and near the ships,
And raising up the body, give to it
Imperial honours even when in death.

The sails are loosed, and filled by heaven's breath,
The cannons thundering, peal on peal once more,
Shaking the ponderous clouds that float on high :
And then—away !—the ocean's master glides
In haughtiness of power upon its breast,
Thousands are gazing on it as it swims,
Fainter and fainter—in their view—until
Sinking below the ocean's orb—'tis gone,
Over the Ocean's waves to bear the wreck
Of him—whose power once found an emblem in,
That ocean's boundless majesty and might.

THE VOYAGE CONTINUES AND ENDS.

His bark is heaving over ocean's swell,
Riding upon its bosom where its face
Is smiling in its blue ; and the blue sky
Spans its clear surface in an arch as fair ;
All, all, was one around him, heaven and sea,
While the bright cloudless heaven bending down
Upon the sea, in love and beauty, and,
Like two fond sisters in their loveliness,
Sealing their amity in one long kiss
So soft—so fair—and yet with all so bright,
So blended in each other, that you saw
No mark whereby to know they separate ;
When the proud ship that bore him cleft its way,
And zephyrs slumbered in its canvass fields ;
In silence through its countenance of glass,
He looked into the ocean's crystal depths,
And watched the swift flight of its finny tribes,

As scared, they fled the oaken monster, that
Parted the waters o'er their dwelling place ;
Perchance, the pinnacle of some huge hill,
Which disentombed, and reared on earth would form
A nation's boundary,—and yet, he sailed
Suspended o'er its summit by the brine,
As will the Aeronaut, in his light car,
Float o'er the Pyrennees, and high in air
Glide o'er the fields of southern France.

The glorious sun is blazing forth to ride
His fiery chariot through a tropic day :
When last he set—round and around were seen,
But the light dancing wave and cloud-dressed sky ;
And now, bright from his silv'ry bed of rest
He mounts on high—when lo ! the joyous news
Is passed from mouth to mouth—as their strained eyes
Mark a faint line on the horizon's dip—
While up the mast a nimble sailor springs,
And all eyes follow him ;—a long—long pause—
When hark ! shrill from the dizzy height, the cry
Strikes on their ears below, of land ! of land !—

And who shall paint the heart's proud throb on throb,
As after battling with the tempest's power
For weeks, and weeks, the sport of wind and wave ;
Over that, which, but for its very depth
Would shew a clear transparency—and man
Would be—when looking from his frail, frail bark,
That bears him o'er it, awe struck with the sight
Of the profundity of the abyss.

And he has watched the fierce play of thy waves ;
And rode upon thy bosom when thy face
Was clouded with the darkening tempest's ire.
The laboring bark that bore him, creaking forth
Its harsh sharp moanings at the deadly strife,
While thy gaunt billows hurled their foam-clad heads,
Against its frame work, with the heavy shock
That sounded, thundering through its hollow trunk ;
The high masts creaking, bending as the reed :
When the broad sails have freed their fettered wings
To spread their snow white plumage, and afar
To ride upon the bosom of the wind,
And revel with the tempest midst the clouds.

It was the noon of a hot tropic day,
That first he reached the shores of fair Brazil,
And in the shade of some high battlements
He turned unto the fretful water's swell,
That came broad heaving from the open deep.
Hid neath its bosom in its liquid breast
Those ocean tigers, sword fish, and the shark,
Were prowling for their prey—while on its face,
Lit by the sun to one broad silver sheet,
The long light casca took its arrow flight,
Impelled by Afric's swarthy son, or by
The lusty arm of the red Indian ;
Climbing the crystal swellings of the sea,
And lingering on their summits—while on high
The brandished paddle joined the shrill wild whoop :
Then all, descending swift are lost to view ;
And, but the cry comes sweeping on the air—
It is, as if the waves were tenantless ;—
And then again it rises, swimming o'er
The ocean's surface as the sea-gull wild.

Onwards, and onwards, wave ascending wave,
Seas rolled to shore in one unbroken mass,

And rushing 'gainst the battlements—to stop,—
As the wild courser urged to some bold leap,
But to collect his force,—and then away
High over all they rise, a moment hang
Midway in air—and then, with one loud boom
As of the cannon's roar—topple o'er and fall
On the embattled piers with force, that shakes
The solid stone work, quivering to its base.

THE AFFECTIONATE SLAVE.

'Tis eve, the Wanderer, now in Brazil,
And at a funeral—an infant child—
A white man's child, lay cold, in that last sleep
Our flesh is heir to, and the only boon
That had its mind but had the power to beg
From Nature that which she too freely gives,—
It would have been, what it obtained—the gift
Of immortality,—ere it yet knew
The ills and the vicissitudes of life :—
From out its open coffin, its sweet face
Smiled through its covering of fragrant flowers,
Its little hand shone through its ruff'd sleeve,
And held—as it would toy with one in life—
A tender rose bud—earth's sweetest emblem
Of the child's frail—yet bright vitality.

Friends of the parents thronged around the grave,
And all was silent,—save the whispering sound
The wandering zephyrs made among the trees ;—
At eve,—Nature's own Ave Maria.
Such was the silence, save the silver'd tones
That spake o'er all the parting words of prayer ;
When as they lowered it in the grave, a cry,
So shrill—so piercing—yet, with all, so sad—
Rose on the breeze—startling its hearers, that,
When the poor slave, that utter'd that heart's scream,
Rushed in her grief, through intervening ranks,
Frantic, and sobbing, to the grave and fell,
Senseless beside the child she wept when dead :—
He who then spake the parting words of prayer,
Could not refrain his sympathy—his voice,
Falter'd awhile in tone—and then, a tear
Swam in his eye, and dropp'd upon the book
He read from—a tribute to her constancy :—
He was a Briton.

When all was over,
And earth had fed on beauty, and enclosed
All the rich father's hope—and pride—and joy ;—

He turned to one, a native of the soil,
Born—bred—inured—to laugh at slavery:—
“Who was that slave that sorrowed o’er the dead?”
“That woman, pooh! who, but its nurse—she wept
“To gain a master’s praises by deceit.”
The Wanderer inquired no farther, but,
Strode him apart——

O, Slavery! Ah, what!
What hast thou *not* to answer for? The mind
Grows callous even to a heaven-born truth,
Beneath the torpor of thine influence:
That heart—yea, heart and soul! will love as well,
Though Providence should clothe the outward form
In the poor Ethiopian’s sable dye.

STANZAS ON BRAZIL.

I.

'Tis now the noon of night, and each fond thought
Is wandering far o'er this bright sunny land :
Land of blue skies ! where budding Nature sought,
To garb the shores thy flowing waves expand,
With never dying verdure—with a hand
Most bountiful—thy sweeping vales and hills,
The sycamore and cocoa deck, a band,
Joined with the mango's spreading form, that fills
The bleeding heart with rapture scattering its ills,

II.

Oh ! for the power to paint thy beauty's glow !
The brightness of the loveliness I see !
The magic of thy rippling waters flow !
The revelry of the thousand charms in thee,
Thrown far in wild extravagance of glee :
As if thou took'st a fond delight to view
Thy treasures inexhaustible—the sea
That swells around thee into ocean's blue,
Gliding along thy shores thy mild embrace to sue.

III.

Fond child of Nature—smiling in thy youth,
While half a world has grown into old age :
As yet, Time hath not smote thee—but in ruth
When he passed over thee, restrained his rage
For other lands—where oft the darkened page
Is sullied with his deeds—but thou—so fair !
Nature still keeps in her own hermitage :
Land where Vanilla scents the Zephyr air,
Creation's first—fresh infancy, still lingers there.

IV.

Ah, child of Nature!—yes! in every part ;
In the wild beauty of thy youthful grace,
And in the unchecked passions of the heart,
That sweep impetuous o'er thy changing face,
Swift as a summer cloud its airy race,
By the winds borne across thy deep blue sky ;—
Yet who from thy wild youth shall say disgrace
Will grow upon thine age—and yet—the sigh
Of doubt falls on thy future fate—we scarce know why.

V.

There is a city on the western wave ;
The bright star of the heaving tropic seas :
The Amazonian gem whose waters lave
The cocoa on the beach, and giant trees,
Whose branches waved before the great flood's breeze
Swept nations from their first—to second life :
A city o'er whose wreck the heart of man may grieve—
All eastern in magnificence—till rife
The red Indian came down—with ruin—rapine—strife.

VI.

There is a time when Hope may lingering fade,
When joy's pure fountain ebbs to flow no more ;
When the mind's mirror shows the soul in shade,
When happiness is stranded on the shore,
Of the tame world's forgetfulness—to soar
No longer over this life's troubled sea ;
Then Friendship's heart its flowing tide may pour
Of gratitude to those whose hearts beat free
With never ending kindness—what a debt's on me !

VII.

'Tis vain—'tis useless—words have not the power,
To pay a debt of gratitude—away
The thought ! the debt remains to the last hour
That man may linger on life's trackless way :
No !—gratitude alone to things of clay
Can never know redemption—it remains
To soothe remembrance to its latest day,
Shedding a halo over the heart's gains,
And hallowing its joys, and lessening its pains.

THE WANDERER'S SONG.

I.

The dark heaving waves of the tropics are round,
The stars in the sky are all foreign to me ;
The winds bend the palms with a rustling sound—
Strange voices ! that whisper—I'm distant from
thee.

II.

The mango and cocoa I meet when I rove,
The “ Kiss-flower ” hums its soft music in glee ;
And musing I stand 'neath the wild orange grove ;
My thoughts they will wander—far distant to thee.

III.

Do I watch the bright waves kiss each sunny ray,
Or skim my light casca o'er river and sea ;
My heart throbs in silence, and joy speeds away,
For my soul drinks no pleasure, when distant from
thee.

IV.

Vain boast to be praising the beauties I see,
In the matchless play of their revelry ;
I heed not the glories you view not with me—
For entrancement is dead—now I'm distant from
thee.

THE DREAM.

His mind had waved its magic wand, and forth
A thousand beauties crowded it in sleep ;—
First came a mass of scenes of hill and dale,
One past the other in confusion wild,
Some gliding slowly—others fading fast,—
Until at last the whole, seemed stayed, and formed
Into a scene, that was in all complete :
A ruined tower embattled on a hill
That hung above a glen, down which there swept—
Leaping from rock to rock, in snow white spray—
A roaring cataract :— The stream below
Murmured unseen amidst the trees and shrubs ;
Their foliage sparkling, with the crystal spray
That hung in pearl drops from the pendant leaves ;
There was a female figure on the height,
She waved her hand—when all grew faint and dim,
And faded swift away, ere he had time
To mark her features——

Now, another blank

On chaos of confusing scenes passed by ;
That gradually grew to shape and form.—

Hark ! he hears the whispering breeze
Shaking the silver'd leaves of the tropic trees ;
Hark ! 'tis the sound of the water flowing,
From founts below where the palm is growing ;
Hush !—a fairy shape I see 'neath the shade reclining,
Such as our fancy pictures when to love inclining,—
No damask rose blooms on that cheek so fair,
The lily's purity seems centered there—
A graceful arm supports more graceful head,
She sleeps—upon a wavering flowery bed,
A smile stole o'er her mouth in sleep, who could resist it,
He stopt—stooped down—and gently kissed it ;—
A coldness shot upon his heart—a chill from ecstasy,
He heard a scream—but nothing could he see ;
Till darkness grew to light, and all was clear,
And he gained feeling, motion, from the shock of fear ;
He looked around—above—below—for her
And *felt*—from his heart's coldness—she was “ Air ”—
He trembled at the thought his touch had been,
On one,—earth owned not—and that he had seen,

An airy vision of the realms of sky,
Visiting earth ;—he dared not question why ?
And now, the sickness stole upon his soul,
Engulphing motion, speech, sight, thought, the whole—
Paralised, as struck by an unseen hand,
For trespassing the bounds of Fairy land :—
He strove in vain to walk—to move—to speak—
Each limb refused—each instant grew more weak ;
He was entranced by an all-powerful spell,
Earth swam around him—reason fled—he fell ;—
How long he lay—he knew not—for all seemed
The phantasm of death—that now he dreamed.

When power of sense returned, he thought he lay
Upon the grassy pillow of a fair garden ;
Plants of Britain's clime were clustering o'er him,
Shedding their fragrance to the sighing breeze,
That, burdened with the bounty, bore it off
With joy ; the balmy air restored him, and
Rising, he wandered through this paradise,
This earthly Eden—till he thought he came,
To where the walk grew broader, and day seemed

To seize the boon to revel in the space ;
There was a terrace rose before him, with
A few light steps ascending from it to
A garden, still more beautiful than that
He stood in, while the wild luxuriance of
The plants were checked with care—and round the
whole,

A noble amphitheatre of trees ;
Through which there shone half budding on his view,
Part of a fair temple with its statues ;—
And from its base a mossy lawn swept down,
To where a group of Tritons rode their steeds,
Plunging and swimming in their element,
The limpid waters ; round a font that rose
Graceful in air, amidst a crystal bower
Of silver jets, blown by the laughing gods
High o'er the whole, a glittering gauge of spray,
Through which the half seen outline of the font
Shone here and there. Ambrossial plants and flowers
Checkered the verdant landscape with their tints,
And painted the seclusion with a charm,
Making the whole a fairy dwelling place.

He stood long gazing on it with an eye
Of admiration, when behold!—he saw
Through a slight break in the thick foliage,
The waters of the ocean—and there rode
A ship upon its surface towards him—near
And nearer still, she came to land, a boat
Left her, cutting the clear wave, and ran
Half its light length upon the grating sand;
A form, that seemed familiar, leapt on shore,
And passing by the fountain stopt,—and looked
Round carefully;—and then, as if assured,
Approached nearer and nearer, then again
Stopt, and then, as if the object of his search
Was visible, he came, and swiftly passed
The entrance to this Eden—stopt, and shook,
The crimson folds of some loose drapery,
That hanging from the branches of a tree,
Swept to the flowery ground, and formed a tent.

A chillness stole upon the Dreamer's heart,
As, startled at the sight, he asked himself
“ From whence that tent? How saw I not before
“ A thing so visible to my senses now?

“ Is it that *he* who bears a face that I
“ Have seen before, yet lack the power to name !
“ Who is he ! who ?—ah !—comes he here to draw
“ The curtain from the enclosed shrine of Time,
“ Letting mine eye glance on futurity.”

But all was stayed by what took place—a form,
A female form, glides from the shadow of
The drapery, robed in white, in her hand
A book, which she was closing as she stepped
To meet the stranger—who advanced and gave
Into her hand a “ Chaplet and a Book.”
She must have known him, *too*, for greeting him,
She gave him thanks in words, and with a look
That spoke of previous intimacy.

Soon

She turned—he saw her face—“ Great God ! ’tis she !”
He strove to catch the purport of her words,
But failed, a whisper only reaching him ;
And yet, even while she spoke—the stranger
Bade her adieu ! and hurried to the boat ;
And while *his* eyes and *hers* followed those steps
To reach it, and push off—and gliding fast

Over the dark blue waters—reach his ship,
He strove in vain to move—or even speak
To *say* that he was near her.

While the ship
Steered from the land, they stood there without power,
It seemed, for *one* to tell the other, that
He was not as far distant as she thought.”
She turned from gazing at the ship, and sat
Her down upon the drapery of the tent,
And placing by her side the book that late
She had been reading—took the gifts and gazed
Upon them, twisting oft the flowers, to form
The chaplet to her liking ;—while engaged,
The smile that hovered round her lips, forsook
Its resting place—a sigh escaped her—as
She twisting snapt a flower from off its stem ;
And as she held it, and she bent to look
More closely—he felt sure—he saw a tear
Swim in her eye—and fall—and glitter on
Its leaves ; she sighed again—then placed it in
Her hair ; and opening the other gift,
The book, turning the leaves o’er one—by one—

The wandered smile returned and graced the lips
That looked in sadness, when they wanted it.
She looked up—their eyes met—*she* saw him not,
She looked as if on vacancy—was he,
Then vacancy to her?—he strove to speak,
But failed again—to move,—and gained the power,
And reeling, giddy, tottered up the steps,
He bent to see the book.— “Thank God!” he cried—
All—all—faded, his voice had broke the charm,
And he awoke, but not before he knew,
The book she read, that raised that smile of joy,
That lighted up that countenance with day,
Was one that had come far from o’er the sea,
The gift,—the Wanderer’s offering to her.

SKETCHES IN VERSE.

THE MISANTHROPIST AND THE DREAMER.

SKETCH THE FIRST.

SCENE :

Interior of a palace, with windows opening upon balconies, that command the moonlight view of the city.

Enter ORONTE,

who walking to an open window, stops—and gazes upon the sleeping city

Hail thou fair city !—did mine eyes grow dim,
And fail to recognise these palaces ;
My heart would whisper I am here once more,
The balm of passing breeze is still the same,
Still, burdened with the fragrance of the grove :—
Hail fair city !

Would I returned to thee,
Light in my heart with gaiety and joy,
As in the hour when first I entered thee,
Time passing quick with banquet and with ball,
And all with Dores, too—I hear he's changed,
And so am I—and both, by the same means
Which on our hearts has acted differently,
Yet brought on both the same sad misery,
But mine a misery, grown into a joy,
An echo to my feelings and my heart,
A foretaste of celestial hopes, with just
The tinge of earth that taints mortality,
And all has risen out of what at first
Bowed down my head in heart's sad sorrowing.
But now the darkened mists of night have passed,
An Angel she shall dwell within the sphere
Of my mind's world of idealism—that,
Devoid of all shall paint her of the earth,
Will leave her as she is a shape of heaven.

Oh, Heaven! when I look up to thee—thy power
Seems trebled since thou holdest now the soul
That was, and is, an all in all to me :

If to thy starry height of ether space
The spirit of this frail mortality
Should fail to soar—and be cast far from her ;
It would—great God ! be wretchedness and woe
Unutterable—the misery of
Eternity upon Eternity.

O Earth ! I plead to thee—restore thy prize,
That like the diamond glittering in thy womb,
Hath given thee a value—yield her up,
And we will plead to Heaven for her soul,
And I will make her Queen of thee, O Earth,
And give her glory unto thee—to be
An offering.

Dores—(entering).—Oronte !

Oronte.—Dores !

Dores.—

Friend !

Welcome once more, Oronte, 'twas but known
To me this instant—thou wert back, and I
Have come much quicker than am wont of late
To greet a friendship—and thou must accept
Of what poor services lie in my power.

Oronte.—Thanks, my good *Dores*.

Dores.—

And thou must cast off

That heaviness of heart ; a troubled sea
Will muddy all the waters, and thy mind,
With same commotion of the heart will tend
To wretchedness ; heed not the passing world
But come, and we will be the friends we were
When first I tempted thee—to leave with me
Our native hills, and visit this fair city.

Oronte.—Would I had never left those mountain wilds,
But lived in my fair castle, there—contented,
Unknowing and unknown to all the world,
I would have thus escaped my misery.

Dores.—Misery, *Oronte* ! it cannot be,
I took it for the flight of some dark cloud,
That cast a momentary shade upon
Thy mind, and then left it more clear and bright ;
And yet, now I remind me—I did hear
Some whisperings—when you left so hurriedly,
I judged thy heart, as I would judge mine own,
And so believed them not—and let them die

The common death of any tattleings—still
 Deeming thee higher, than to err so far
 As love a woman—or, if to love one,
 To let *that* trouble you—out on the sex !
 I loath—despise them—as I do the ills
 This world is full of, all brought on by them,
 They wind themselves around the heart of man,
 As the wild creeper in the tropic woods
 Around the mango, choaking it to death.

Oronte.—If it be dead—doth it then fall ?

Dores.—

Why, no ;—

But that will only show the hatred more
 They glory in the deed, and hold it up,
 To show their victim to the world at large.

Oronte.—Say rather, when the heart is bent with ills
 Of this world, man, and his fair essence *too*,
 And not man alone—but both are heir to :
 Say rather, when these ills have dried the sap
 Of all the hopes—joys—pleasures of this life,
 That woman, like the creeper, binds herself
 Around his heart, giving up all her strength

To brace it, that it battle 'gainst the storm.

Dores.—Thou hast not much improved by travel, then,
My good Oronte, if thou hast not learned
To argue deeper on the woman-kind,
That seem to have enthralled thee in their net :
Thou wilt pass poor muster in the world of men,
And by the women, patronized but for
Thine own simplicity in trusting them.

Oronte.—Thou knowest not a woman.

Dores.—Most truly
Do I agree with thee—she is in all
The riddle of the world ! with which mankind
Strangely are vexed at not unravelling.
Why seek they to discover, what has been
Since the creation of the world a task
Ever rapt up in its own mystery ?——
How often do we find that man will fix
His hopes—his happiness—upon a face
Breathing without a soul, blind to her faults,
And trusting—he scorns to dream of frailties ;
When chance exposes to his view some speck

In the fair mirror of her character ;
A nothing in itself—but when he finds
That which he deemed immaculate to err,
Though but a shade—his roused attention wakes
To energy, and observes each trifle,
Till, one by one, her blemishes are seen,
He reads her truly ; on the current flows,
Sweeping before it all her loveliness—
And her vain mind stands naked before him ;
The borrowed charms she gained from 'beauty, lie
Like verdure on the calmed volcano's front ;
We trust not the fair surface, but we pierce
With our mind's eye, and shudder at the sight
Of the dark—hollow—barrenness within :—
And such is woman—Etna's heat and flame ;—
Her heart, the type of its own hollowness—
Wrapt in as much obscurity—with just
The wild emotions of its passions there
To startle men—and teach them how the soul
Is working in its den of bitterness.

Oronte.—'Tis vain and useless ;—such a thought as
that

Leads to no good—brings on more wretchedness :—
'Tis from the vanity of thine own soul !

Dores.—That trusts its knowledge more than does
thine own.

Speak ! thou hast trusted woman—loved her—
And you,—I speak it not as flattery—
Are far more worthy of a woman's love
Than thousands who will daily court and win her ;—
Speak ! what hath it brought to thee ?

Oronte.—Wretchedness !

Dores.—Yes, wretchedness ! and thou wilt praise her
still !

If ill is brought on man—he not deserving it—
That ill—hurled by a hand omnipotent,
Or, by the buffets of mortality,
The creatures of that same omnipotent :—
Why not, with all the power of his own soul
That is immortal, hurl his scorn on it ;
If man had boldness, he might grasp on more
Than he well knew of, seize upon a power——

Oronte.—Truce to thy sophistry—it moves me not,
 'Tis almost blasphemy, but is in vain ;
 There is a charm in this created world
 That moves in secret, regulates the heart,
 That gives to it the guidance of its mind,
 The ordering of its actions.— Woman's love !
 Years have now flown—I've crossed earth's central line,
 And battl'd with earth's storms to shake it off :—
 But all in vain, it lingers with me now
 That I've returned unto the place she dwelt in ;
 She is floating in my memory, still—as fair
 And heavenly a creature as poor man
 Can here be blessed with all—her features still
 Are pictured in each profile in my mind ;
 But ever—ever—strangely different :—
 Here, in the gaiety of each laughing hour,
 And then, all softened by sweet pity's tear,
 She shines the rainbow of my fallen hopes.
 But above all, her melody in song,
 That soothed you with a balmy spirit, as
 Hourì will charm with notes in Turkish heaven—
 Or Seraphim entrance by song above :—

And even yet, when night and nature's still,
My busy fancy at the zephyrs sigh
Oft starts at tones that syllable her voice ;
As if, as guardian angel of my fate,
She whispered to my soul remembrance yet :—
She has been the spirit in my wanderings,
That gave me strength to bear its evils, and
Forbearance when I met with fooleries ;
Courage to battle with the wrath of man,
And in the hour of glory and success,
Mellowed my pride.

THE TRIAL OF THE STEAMER.

SKETCH THE SECOND.

I.

A fine September eve, when off we started,
The Ocean steamer for her watery tour ;
Gave our friends' hands the hearty shake and parted,
Mounted her high spar deck, as with the power
Of the revolving engines swift she darted,
Scattering the spray around her in a shower
Of snowy drapery, as the silv'ry water
In swimmings parted by some sea-god's daughter

II.

We shot from side the pier in bright array,
Cleaving the glassy waters of the deep,
The slender rigging dancing in each ray
Of the departing sun—while on we sweep,
Impelled by powers the ocean-waves obey,
The swiftest sail-boat seeming but to creep ;
As like a meteor skims across the sky,
Our breathing vessel—panting—passed them by.

III.

The world has few such sights as glad the eye,
As onward over Mersey's waves you bound,
On one side giant piers are raised on high,
As bulwarks 'gainst the wrath it hurls around,
And far above clear pencill'd 'gainst the sky,
Are masts of craft from every nation found,
With their broad ensigns floating in the air—
Creation's commerce seems to centre there.

IV.

Now from huge works of man we turn to see
The villa'd heights that swell from off its shore,

To fall in undulations to the Dee :

And far beyond, as far as sight may soar,

Moel Famma's column'd head towers bold and free :

While by the rock, braving the tempest roar,

And the wild fury of the foam-clad storm ;

The sailor's sun of night revolves its form.

V.

But scarce a century since, when all we see,

Slept in deep silence—save the ocean's roar ;

The laughing waves swept from the open sea,

To dance in ripples on the pebbled shore.

And rose from off the beach the fisher's glee,

As the small craft obtain'd from scanty store

He labouring trims, to reach Hibernia's land,

A soil—by him—deemed foreign to this strand.

VI

Time's changing hand has waved his wand o'er all,

A city springs to birth—a rival Tyre

In power exceeding that which rose to fall :

Commerce has breathed her magic fire

In active minds, that answered to her call—
A Port exists—and freedom's fields retire,
While vast embankments, pyramids of stone
Possess that shore—the waters deemed their own.

VII.

Thousands of vessels burden now her wave,
Bearing the riches of a teeming earth,
From furthest bounds that ocean's waters lave,
From land that owns the Ethiopian's birth,
From Java's island—European's grave,
From the rich East—from where the desert's dearth
Bids but the camel live,—and from the West
The world's fair treasures flow at her behest.

VIII.

Night gently stole upon the passing scene,
While Cheshire's sand-hills faded from our view,
And high in heaven's sparkling arch was seen
The pale moon swimming through ethereal blue,
While the smooth water with a glittering sheen,
Threw back the likeness, softened, yet so true ;

And ever and anon some fleecy cloud
Darkened the whole as with a phantom's shroud.

IX.

How the soul swells within us while we pace
The smooth white planks which form a steamer's
deck,
While the proud vessel struggles in the race,
And laughs to scorn the coming waves to check;—
With what an eye of pride we view the grace
With which she rides them o'er, and seems to take
A mad delight in dashing far each wave,
And making ocean its own children's grave.

X.

Slowly from out the horizon's dim outline,
Their towering heads the mighty clouds upreared,
One long mountainous and unbroken line,
And from the dark and lurid mass appeared
A vivid messenger o'er the whole to shine,
That scattered on the waves the rock it seared;
A breathless pause—when echoing thunders shake
Earth to its base—the slumbering waters wake.

XI.

And high the wind rose sweeping towards the land,
 Bearing our craft before it, as a reed
Is swept by foaming breakers to the strand;
 It seemed as if the winds and waves agreed
To point their vengeance with a ready hand,
 Against our crew—who, like the salt sea weed
That clingeth for protection to the rock,
Held by the shrouds amidst each surging shock.

XII.

As the wild bull checked in his mad career,
 By the keen dart that quivers in his side,
Reels for a moment with a shock of fear,
 Then fiercely roused, his red eyes glaring wide,
Foaming he rushes, where his foes appear ;
 And goad to madness by his smarting hide,
'Gainst their poised spears his thundering wrath he
 turns,
And gains his safety o'er the corpse he spurns.

XIII.

So turned, when the first sudden shock was o'er,
Our labouring vessel 'gainst the threatening waves,
And left behind the tempest beaten shore,
Where we had pictured in despair our graves :
While 'gainst her bows the howling billows roar,
Enraged to loose the trembling prey she saves,
Climbing the watery mountains, wrapt in foam,
She rides majestic o'er her ocean home.

THE FALLACY OF HOPE.

SKETCH THE THIRD.

I've lived amidst the world's commotion,
Tossed on the waves of pleasure's ocean,
Drained the cup of dissipation
Brimming full by man's creation,
Strained my mind for new productions,
To give to fresh joys introductions ;
And racked the fancy of my brain
To gild anew palled pleasure's chain ;
Have sleepless lain the long, long night,
In vain for sweet contentment's sight ;
Far ! far ! my answering conscience cries,
Her presence from the city flies.

Where music's sweet melodious sound
Echoing shrills the grotto round,
Where the light tread of fairy feet,
Bound to the measure swift and fleet,
Where the tall columns towering high
Support a pearl bespangled sky ;
Where the clear crystal water flows,
Through cavern'd mouth the pale moon glows,
Where all that's soft and delicate,
And every favour shed by fate,
Join in harmony wild and free
That forms a scene that's worthy thee ;
'T is here contentment rests her form,
Sheltered from the wild world's storm.

The wirl of buzzing pleasure—and the roar
Of dissipation sweeps unheeded by ;
Joy's gladdening sails have borne my bark to shore,
A wreck,—o'er which each fond hope stays to sigh
Ah ! vain and fleeting are the earthly joys
We put our trust in—tinged with the alloys
Of this false world, they bring

No calm felicity—'tis all a dream,
To seek for happiness, in the gay stream
That flies us swiftly by, and flying leaves its sting.

Ye who to fancy's whisper's list,
And Hope's wild phantoms chase through mist;
Who when you're old expect to find,
Those visions sought by youthful mind;
Far from imagination cast
Such fallacies, which never last,
Go calmly on with inward force,
And take all ills as things of course:
For know that happiness has been
A thing oft talked off never seen;
For when you think this *ignis-fatuus* won,
It glides a-head and gives a farther run.

LINES SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE

OF

“THE FALLEN ONE.”

SKETCH THE FOURTH.

I.

I love all women ! when they are not shy
Or prudish, when you praise each pretty face,
Or the wild sparkle of a dark blue eye,
Or with chaste fingers raise the veil of lace
That hides their beauty, and they 'll not cry—fie !
But smile to shew the lovely air and grace,
With which from eye so luscious—soft and fine,
She glittering sheds its lustre into mine.

II.

'Tis of the heart a wild complaint that rises,
Out of a crude and most intolerant longing ;

After a something, that it ever prizes,

Yet never gains for ever fear of wronging ;

It fastens on most people—of all sizes,

For years 'neath thirty it is seen most thronging ;

Yet still—I must be candid—I have known

Old hearts of sixty by this love o'erthrown.

III.

How often “ sweet one” have I said that I

No more would rest me on that bosom fair,

No more would kiss those ruby lips that sigh

Their soft sweet welcome when I trespass there ;

How oft in vain the thought of thee to fly,

Yet found myself in thy bewitching snare :—

O man ! thy best resolves will melt in air

When woman's lips and eyes are centered there.

IV.

Behold her ! once the fairest of the fair,

Still decked in all her glittering array ;

On drooping head, and hands, and that small pair

Of slender feet—that sped the dance away,

So lately midst the lustre and the glare,
Of ball room gaiety—the orb of day
Dawns slowly—shews no charm of beauty there,
Glares on her eyes, and pictures there despair.

v.

Oh ! who shall paint as vivid, or as true
The dark regrets that flash across the brain,
When for the first time—traced before our view
Lies the expounding of a thoughtless train,
Of wild forgetfulness we vainly rue ;
And see no opening by the which to gain,
Our lost control upon the thoughts that roll
And hotly burn and harrow up the soul.

THE ATTACK OF THE PIRATE.

SKETCH THE FIFTH.

I.

The vault of heaven was shadowed o'er,
With the dark clouds of night ;
And o'er the waves the light bark sped,
And wing'd her watery fight.
Her cannons frown'd from out each port,
Her broad flush deck was clear ;
And round each mast in order shone,
The cutlass—gun—and spear.

II.

Boxes of round, of canister, and grape,
Were ranged each cannon round ;
And thickly studded heavy shot
The hatchways' combings bound.
And fiercely grinning at the fore,
'Midst rammers—spunges—lay,
A long Tom on his pivot throne,
All ready for affray.

III.

Her raking masts sprung from her deck,
Bound by her jielding shrouds ;
And tapered upwards till the truck
Was lost amidst the clouds.
Her snow-white canvass swelled on high,
Straining her ponderous boom ;
That loomed a phantom of the night
Seen through the thickening gloom.

IV.

Her bows heaved proudly o'er the waves
Breasting the ocean's spray ;

And far astern the glittering wake
 Gleamed as the light of day.
And at his post, each sleepless watch
 Seemed but some dark, still speck :
While paced in silence, wrapt in thought,
 The Pirate-chief the deck.

v.

And on the vessel bounded, till
 A streak of pale moon-light,
Burst through the over-hanging clouds,
 And gilds the waters bright.
And there against the back-ground bright
 A small—small—speck appears,
To rise and fall on ocean's swell,
 The Pirate craft she nears.

vi.

All sail was set, each carronade
 Cast loose upon the deck ;
Round on his pivot turned long Tom
 Whose echoing voice breathed—wreck.

And swiftly o'er the billow'd deep
 The bounding vessel flew,
 And nearer, nearer, till distinct,
 A vessel hove in view.

VII.

Soon as this vessel saw her foe,
 Hard-up her helm she turned,
 And stood towards her, while her bows
 The roaring waters spurned.
 And as they cross'd each other's tack
 Rung the commander's hail,
 "Ho! brigantine ahoy!"—"Ah! ah!"
 Was answered 'midst the gale.

VIII.

"We're in distress," the captain cried,
 The wild winds bore the sound;
 "From India's sultry clime long sailed,
 "To St. Helena bound.
 "For days and days we've looked in vain,
 "Nor seen a sail afloat;

“ Spare what you can !” the rattling ropes,
Told that he lower’d a boat.

IX.

Now mate, brave man, if still a boat
Can live in such a sea,
Haste thou on board, for sake of all,
But go—or stay—you’re free.
The night was dark, the waves on high,
Tossed by the wild storms play ;
And howling winds that swept the sky
Bore masses of clouds away,

X.

Firm on that deck the seaman stood,
And saw each foaming wave ;
That dash’d its anger round in foam,
That yawn’d one fearful grave.
‘Twas but an instant that he stood,
Brac’d were his nerves to fate ;
The boat received him, while the crew
Cheered the undaunted mate.

XI.

And 'midst the darkness tossed on high,
 Sport to the tempest's ire ;
 Their track to each ship, known but by
 The spray they dash in fire.
 O'er wave and wave they near the craft
 And ride upon the swell,
 They hail—the whistling winds reply,
 But with a mournful knell.

XII.

“ Crouch down there, boarders,” low the tone
 In which the Pirate spoke,
 As the approaching sound of oars
 The dreadful silence broke.
 At every dip the sparkling sea
 Shone in a silvery ray,
 Heard was the bold mate's lusty cry,
 “ Give way, my lads ! give way ! ”

XIII.

The murky darkness hung o'er all,
 On came the doom'd boat's crew ;

But ere the fiendish deed was done,
The moon broke clear to view :
And from the dizzy topmast-head
The vessel's look-out cried,
“ Back boat, there”—treachery a-head,”
“ That craft a Pirate hides.”

XIV.

Swift at that cry the bold mate turned,
The boat twirled sharply round,
And fast propelled by oar and wind,
O'er the tall waves they bound.
Fierce as the wolf pursues his prey,
On came the pirate-craft,
The breeze her outstretch'd pinions swell,
Her blood-red pennants waft.

XV.

“ Give way, my lads,” the captain cries,
“ You near our vessel, now ;
“ Pull for your lives—one minute more
“ You're safe behind our bow.

“ Round with the old ship, helmsman, swift—
 “ Point all the cannon high,
 “ To clear our friends within the boat ;
 “ Now ! let the broadside fly.”

XVI.

Boom ! went the cannon’s thundering roar,
 The deadly grape-shot sped ;
 Crash ! through the bulwarks tore their way—
 A host are with the dead.
 Down came the Pirate’s tall fore-top,
 His long jib trailed the wave—
 But all in vain that bloody shower,
 It came, but *not* to save.

XVII.

“ Too late—too late—oh, God ! that cry ! ”
 That death-shriek of the brave ;
 The blood-stained waters dash around
 The Pirate-schooner lave.
 Between the two approaching ships
 The flying boat was crushed,
 And o’er each vessel’s clear white ports
 A blood-red streamlet gushed.

VIII.

The choaking moan—the bubbling shriek,
 Rose from the troubled wave,
And rising shrill upon the blast,
 Soared o'er their watery grave.
And even ere the sound had ceased,
 The souls that gave it birth ;
Had burst their mortal tenements,
 Had left their mother earth.

XIX.

The crew in silent horror stand,
 While Pity mourn'd their fate,
'The captain, awe-struck, mournful wept,
 And sorrowed o'er his mate.
'Twas but an instant—firm he rose,
 Dark flashed his kindled eye,
“ Away with useless pity now,
 “ Boarders, to arms,” his cry.

XX.

As raging tigers bursting forth,
 As fiends let loose from hell,

The pirates swarmed the cruisers deck
 Bound by no pity's spell :—
 The bright swords clash—the cannons roar—
 The flashing pistols glare,—
 The stricken shriek—the victor's yell—
 War's fearful tumult's there.

XXI.

The pirate chief amidst the blood,
 And turmoil of the strife ;
 Seems now as if but first he breathed
 The essence of his life.
 Whose voice above the conflict's din
 Sounds forth his swift command ;
 Whose gleaming sabre dark with gore,
 Sweeps with a vengeful hand.

XXII.

Twice rushed he frantic in his rage,
 Along the vessel's deck ;
 The bullets sped—the sabres flashed—
 But all in vain to check.

He swept invulnerable by,
Who dared to face him fell,
Through boarding-pikes he tore his way
And made that deck a hell.

XXIII.

In vain to stay the torrent's power,
Strewed is the deck with slain,
In vain 'gainst such o'erwhelming force,
The conflict to maintain.
Borne down by numbers—slaves—or dead—
The crew lie stretched around,
When rose the pirate's deafening shout
Of victory's hateful sound.

XXIV.

There lay the crew that oft had bled
In honourable strife,
Stretch'd panting on the blood-stained deck,
Slaves to the Pirate's knife :
And there lay one whose step but late,
Had paced that deck in joy,
And by his side in Death's cold grasp,
His brave heroic boy.

XXV.

And though the old man's hair was grey,
 And this his only child ;
 He wiped the tear-drops from his eye,
 And kissed his boy—and smiled.
 “ Would I were thee,” he softly said,
 And closed the fading eye,
 “ Proud, proud am I to loose thee thus,
 “ Than thou a slave to die ! ”

XXVI.

But there was one whose eye of pride
 Flashed as the lightning's fire ;
 As by his side he viewed in chains,
 His captain and his sire.
 And there lay bound in strength of youth,
 Beside a heap of dead :
 Those who for life, and freedom fought—
 Till fickle victory fled.

THE OPENING OF THE SIXTH SEAL.

SKETCH THE SIXTH.

Behold the Lamb stretched forth his hand, and broke
The sixth seal of the Lord Jehovah's book :
And lo ! a sound, as if the mighty earth
Had from its base been torn, raised high and dashe
Into a million fragments ; and was seen,
The surface of creation tossed and heaved
As by an earthquake's hand—the glorious sun,
Hung dark and black as a tempestuous sky
Amidst the shrivelled firmament of heaven :

Blood red, the moon in the celestial vault
Glared frowningly. The stars lost their high thrones,
Past systems winged their fiery flight, and blazed
Their way to earth. As a tumultuous sea
Rocks, cities, mountains, wavered to and fro ;
The lightnings spread their devastations round,
Hurling the hugest mountains prostrate at
The shock. The parched heavens rolled together as
A scroll will shrivel up and crimp when burnt.

The monarchs of the world, their mighty men,
Warriors, and statesmen, freedmen, bondsmen, all
Were clustered in confusion : mute they lay,
Awe struck and trembling at the wrath of God ;—
Forgot is all their pride—their power—their wealth ;
The sovereign crouches in the dust to pray,
Nor heeds his crown that, fallen from his brow,
Lies useless, worthless, at this bondsman's feet :—
The frantic slave with terror bursts his chains,
Stands loose—unshackled freedom gained ; for what ?
To see his gaoler petrified with fear—
Struck dumb with shame—electrified with awe ;
Too late, too late, that freedom's useless now ;—

Another moment's past, earth heaves again ;
They spring upon their feet, they cast aside
Their richest ornaments, their golden hoards ;
All, all, that might have then impeded flight,
To dens, to yawning caves amidst the rocks,
They fly, to hide their faces from the sight
Of him—who sits upon that rainbowed throne,
That like an emerald glitters in the sky ;
And mad with terror, call upon the rocks
And thunder-shaken mountains, that they fall,
And bury them beneath creation's wreck—
For the great day of wrath has come, and who
Shall dare to stand and face the Lamb of God !

Behold vain Cheop's mountain pyramid !
That rose to heaven when earth was in its youth ;
The dearth of ages—the destruction wild,
And the mad havoc of fierce sweeping time,
Have failed in its abasement—still, it towers
Despite of all—o'er the piled works of man.
Nations who lived, when it was dark from age,
Have reared their monuments around its base,
That now exist but in the drifting sand

That crimps beneath you as you tread to view
This bold creation's embled.

The mind shrinks
And trembles at our frail mortality,
When we find that this stupendous fabric,
Yes, even *this*—eventually *must* fall.

TO MY MOTHER.

From Brazil.

I.

My mother's birth-day—wake ! my lyre awake !

And be thy cords on filial duty strung ;
And let affection's wandering fingers shake
The strings that vibrate—where my love has sung.

And let each softened feeling, for her sake

Rise in my heart, and dwell its hopes among ;
And check its passions with a mother's care,
And be its joys as light as if herself were there.

II.

See yon banana, with its leaves far spread,
Fluttering and rustling in the passing air ;
With the bright genial sun upon its head,
Lingering, and kissing the fresh verdure there.
Behold ! the spreading leaves their offerings shed
In luscious fruit—to thank that gift so fair ;
Awake my lyre ! and let her gifts to me
Create as fair an offering, in a heart as free.

III.

Mother—a word that speaks of love and peace,
'Tis the first word we lisp in infancy ;—
Mother—we love it more our years increase,
That emblem we would wish our hearts to be.
Mother—the type of virtue—witness Greece,
“ Sparta hath many a worthier son than he ;”
A mother spake those words—and shall we dare
To hold less holy in our heart—what heaven placed
there.

TO A LADY.

As a tropical sunset—all cloudless and bright,
That illumines the sky ere it leaves it in night ;
As it glitters refulgent, an opening to heaven,
And gladdens the waves with celestial leaven.

As it swims in the azure so peerless and clear,
As soft and divine as affection's tear,
As bright—and as pure—and as cloudless from grief,
Is the wish of my heart that now hallows this leaf.

Yes ! dear is the hope—my heart whispers to me,
And fresh in the birth—it now wafts it to thee ;
That the morn—and the noon—and the eve of thy life,
Be fair as this sunset—when you're honor'd,—a wife.

TO OUR MOTHER.

Written in Boyhood.

Accept, dear Mother, of your childrens' love,
This emblem—their affection's prototype ;
Would they'd the power like it to shelter thee
From chilly blasts, or heaven's scorching heat :
Nay ! though the wish as yet is vain to us,
Could we exceed it in its sheltering,
Not from the blasts, or heat, of heaven alone,
But from the world's vicissitudes we would
For ever shelter thee—our hearts would beat
In playful strife, to offer into thee

Some recompense more worthy of the debt
Of kind affection that we owe, to one
Who o'er us watched in our first infancy,
Checked each new bud of waywardness in youth
With fond indulgence ; and with kind reproof
Taught our young minds to build their hopes, their joys,
On the firm basis of a heavenly trust
That teaches us e'en now to feel—to know
You are our best—sincerest worldly friend ;
That though the power to shield thee as we'd wish
From all this vain world's casualties
Be not vouchsaf'd to us, yet we can place
Thy happiness and welfare in the hands
Of him, who knows thy worth, and can reward
Hereafter, thy kindness to thy children
Fourfold—thanks unto thee, from us are vain,
And deeds, alas ! through Nature's fickleness
Are little better—sometimes even worse.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE FLY-LEAF

OF

“ROGER’S ITALY.”

There is a boon, that I would ask of those
Whom chance may lead to read this little book,
That they will handle it as they would that
They put most value on—’tis not the book
Itself, that makes the owner prize it far
Above all others—but the remembrance
Of the loved forms it brings before his eye
When he doth gaze upon it—it has been
A silent bond that bound his heart to home ;

That's every page teems as a mirror—with
Forms that have lingered in his view of yore,
Forms that had hearts, whose palpitations beat
In echo to his own—and now afar,
Dwelling a stranger, in a strange land,
Where most that's left him as a tie between
His heart and theirs, is this fond treasured gift;
And it has grown into a requisite
Of his existence here—to part with which
Where now to yield the mirror of his mind;—
It was the gift of one most dear to him,
And she his much loved—and only sister.

LINES ON ETERNITY.

Written in Boyhood.

Beneath the waves the sun—

He marks the west with red ;
He the day's course has run,
And for a night hath fled.

The world is hush'd in sleep,

All Nature's in repose ;
The winds no longer sweep
O'er the blossom of the rose.

Then on my waking couch,

Of eternity I muse ;
My inmost soul will crouch,
And fathom it—refuse.

It was ere Death had hurl'd

His arrows of repose,

Or yet this dædal world

Had to existence rose.'

Or sun that beams by day,

Or moon that cheers by night,

Did *his* command obey

By springing forth to light.

Like winds by him begot

Who rules the sea and air,

It comes—whence we know not,

It goes—we trace not where.

As the rolling ocean,

That boundeth ev'ry clime ;

Constantly in motion—

As endless—as sublime.

ON THE DEATH OF A VALUED FRIEND.

Could we but learn each passing sad event
That throws its gloom around ;
Each quiet, uneventful life seems sent
To shed a moral round.

Could we but see the quicksand 'neath our tread,
'Twould teach a wholesome truth ;
But check the cheerful merriment that's spread
O'er gaiety of youth.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE HOUSE OF SICKNESS.

Time passes on, day sweeps past day, and we
Count not that time, while happiness exists ;
We drink the pleasure of the passing hour,
And banish from our minds the thought that grief—
May silent creep upon our joy, and cast
Us headlong into its dark wretchedness :
Oh ! I have drank that happiness too long
In bright forgetfulness, and now appears
A darkened shadow o'er my dear-priz'd joy ;
Chang'd are the golden scenes of love at home,
And now in dark and awful might Disease
Has broken through our barrier walls of love,
And storm'd our citadel—our fire-side—
Rode rampant o'er our dearest hopes, and with
Unhallowed tread profan'd its sacredness,
And fixed his cold and clammy grasp upon
Its best and fairest.

HYMN.

I.

When nations of this world are lost
 'Midst giddy dissipation's round,
By revelry and pleasure toss'd,
 When wakes o'er all the trumpet's sound.

II.

When peal on peal of thunders roar,
 And lightnings blaze across the sky,
And foaming waters drown the shore,
 And tempest winds in discord cry.

III.

When the bright sun glooms dark as night,
 And red the moon glares on the scene,
And sinners tremble at the sight,
 And wish themselves had never been.

IV.

When the parch'd heavens pass away,
 And rocks and islands leave their base,
Grant us, O Lord, to stand that day,
 In purity before Thy face.

HYMN.

I.

Great God ! I own thy boundless powers,
Give ear to this my grief ;
Pour down thy grace in gentle showers,
And give Distress relief.

II.

My heart is heavy—and I find
My thoughts in anguish lie ;
May, Lord, Thy mercy yet be kind,
Teach me to glorify.

III.

My pride absorb'd by *mortal* dust,
Since sickness bends my frame,
Lord, may my mind—its hope—its trust,
Be hallowing Thy name.

IV.

When star-crowned night enwrapp'd the earth,
I bared my soul to Thee,
Praying that Thou the spirit's birth
Might deign to wake in me.

LINES WRITTEN ON EASTER SUNDAY.

When the Redeemer—the begotten one,
Hung from the cross—and drop by drop
From his pierced side—life's blood ran on—
Man's consolation—hope—and prop.

Where the destroyers of that life
At instant, by Almighty hand,
Hurled into everlasting strife,
Or shrivell'd like the parched brand ?

No, in that dread hour there fell not,
By the avenging angel's brand,
Those who reviled, that God forgot,
By all in that once favoured land.

When Nature's echoing vaults around,
Ring to the deep harmonious sound
Of the last trumpet's call ;
And from their graves they trembling rise,
View then their anguish—their surprise—
At finding *him* they crucified—the Judge of all.

ON PRAYER.

I.

There is a music in the voice of prayer,
That tunes the softer cords within our hearts,
Making the notes that throb their chorus there,
Vibrate in tones that heaven alone imparts.

II.

There is an influence that the mind distils,
Soothing, as if some zephyr from on high
Burdened with incense—that *His* throne instils
Into our souls with a celestial dye.

III.

Oh the mild inspiration of that hour,
When souls emit their voluntary song ;
Nothing yet, earthly, ever had the power,
To yield a joy—so pure—and yet so strong.

TO A LADY,

Who was my Conqueror in a Game of Cards.

“There is a stream,” all know the rest, why quote
The hacknied phrase, the bard “tongue-honied” wrote ;
But that I ever found when Fortune smiled,
My wayward steps fell Atropos beguiled ;
No future “day star” glads the darkened sea,
The fickle fates have tempest-tossed round me ;
No “day-spring from on high” that fortune breaths,
Dispelling doubtful ills that Clotho wreaths
Around my fate—but Atropos must fain
Clip the bright thread, and leave all dark again ;
So when success might justly seem my due,
She ruled the cards and fortune turns to you ;

Yet has Lachesis shed throughout the gloom,
A consolation o'er her sister's doom ;
Over the cards conjointly ruling there,
She dealt the palm of victory to the fair :
So while her sister smote, *her* gentler mind
Gave me as victor fairest of her kind ;
So may the sister fates their web combine,
Weave more of good, than ill, o'er thee and thine ;
I only trust when fortune frowns on me,
She'll conqueror make of none less fair than thee.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

CAPTAIN ——— AND THE “SCARLET IBIS.”

Slow moves his frigate to the hostile shore,
And floats majestic o'er the breaker's roar ;
Her noble captain waves his thirsty hand,
And peal on peal re-echoes o'er the strand :
While countless warriors in their red array,
Martial their ranks for battle's bloody fray.

A fluttering crimson cloud on high,
That flapp'd—and soared—and swept him by ;
While with his hawk-eye to his gun,
Death waved his hand—the fight's begun ;
Rung the reports, while shots in hundreds sped,
And hurled oblivion on the red man's head ;
But they, the red men of the forest drear,
Shun not the battle—show no coward fear ,

But rally from each charge, and form on high
Their wing'd battalions darkening the sky ;
Flap their red banners in the morning light,
And dare the captain to the coming fight ;
While one tall warrior, yet unknown to fears,
Paces the strand before his grenadiers ;
He, their commander, he, their chieftain, who
Now waves his red wing 'gainst the heaven's blue ;
“ What ! Ibis warriors, shall it ere be said,
“ From strength like this, that Ibis' forces fled,
“ Perish the thought !” he shook his kingly crown,
The captain eyed it—fires—and knocked him down :
From tree to tree—from ocean's shore, to creek
They slow retreated, desperate but weak,
Vain ! vain resistance, the musket's sound,
Ere the report reverberating round,
Has died into an echo—Death has sped,
Numbers have fallen—and, the rest have fled :

Peace came upon the scene, the bright sun shone,
Where battle's God with Death had looked upon ;
The victor's work was o'er, his labour done,
The fight was ended and the battle won,

The heedful captain with a doctor's care,
To each dead warrior gives his proper share,
Of kind attention, to where shots have sped,
And washes well his regimentals red ;
Binds up each broken limb, to suit the Town,
And wraps him snug in folds of cotton down.

When Pompey fell the greater Cæsar's mind,
Who dares to picture ? Lord of all mankind ;
So *our* hero, illustriously great,
Rose on the ruins of a fallen state ;
When Pompey fled, by Julius Cæsar fought,
The conqueror won by what the conquered taught ;
When Cæsar wept, above great Pompey slain,
Cæsar retained, what Pompey learnt in vain ;
So our great hero conquer'd o'er a race
That knew defeat, but when they saw his face.

He mused on these things, wrapt around his form,
The huge great coat that guards him from the storm ;
He closed his eyes, and at his mind's command,
Came the soft visions of his native land ;
He slumbered peaceably, and soft, and pure,
And smiled in sleep, he thought of you good Moore,

Wondering if you on Mixiana's heights,
Had fought and conquered in such deadly fights ;
Here sleep, enraged at dream, quick darkened all,
And night spread over him her midnight pall.

THE VISION OF EREBUS.

I saw a vision of the shades below,
Of the great spirits of the British stage,
Stern champions of the tragic muse—a show
Of such who were the wonder of the age
O'er which they blazed, and shed their light afar
Over admiring nations—as a star
Hid from our gaze by some swift passing cloud,
With renewed splendour bursts from out its shroud ;
So, through our obscured nature, each great mind
Had, led by genius, shone on all mankind ;

There Kemble, Garrick, Burbage, Taylor, Kean,
With Cook, and Betterton, and Bond were seen
Ranged side by side, with Henderson and Pope,
And numbers more who placed their ev'ry hope,
Through this dull life, on plaudits of the crew
Of stage-struck fools, who cheered whate'er was new ;
To join them, from the world there lately came
One, who had mingled in this chase for fame,—
One, who had seen his brightest hopes undone,
And the sought prize—by some coarse buffoon won :
Round him in clusters thronged this noble band,
To hear the drama's state in Britain's land ;
And many a sigh that broke from heart of gloom,
Told how they learnt the tragic muse's doom ;
And mourned to hear him all the ills disclose,
By which the spirit of the drama froze,
And lost its throne of honour, to give place
To gaudy show, along with foul disgrace ;
That on the spot, where it had ever been
The moving object in each passing scene,
The now neglected and forgotten muse,
In vain for patience or a hearing sues :

That on the boards which oft a Siddons' trod,
The tiger crouches 'neath its keeper's rod.
And the same dome where Braham's voice would soar,
Now but reverberates the lion's roar ;
That worse—far worse—the fairest of the fair,
Amidst these horrors are for ever there ;
That all the actors who have toiled for fame,
By breathing inspirations in the name ;
Of the discarded muse of tragedy,
Have weeping left her, from her fate to flee,
Far from such scenes, to some more genial clime
To linger there, till hap'ly come the time
When it, from state of lethargy shall rise
And sail triumphant o'er their longing eyes,
And beam before the nation with a light,
Shall put all fooling mummery to flight.
And, in its strength on that auspicious day,
Sweep all before it,—and resume its sway ;
That sight sufficient to disgrace an age.
Even Macready's forced to leave the stage,
And soon will toll the muse's parting knell,
When o'er the wave, to Kean, it wafts farewell.

Here Kemble rose—could not believe it true—
Turned round to me, and bade me write to you
To know if tragedy has gone to waste,
And Britons own such vitiated taste ;
And that, if true, you'd on the nation call
To make one stand to stay the drama's fall.

There was a time, when Britons would not deign,
To slur the drama with so foul a stain,
As throw aside each fair Shakspearean scene,
For such base mummary as now is seen,
To shame the stage with the foul mocking face,
Of dogs; and monkeys, grinning all apace ;
'T would seem that human beings failed to find,
In man's chaste acting ought bespeaking mind ;
But fly with rapture searching for each grace,
Depicted in this low and subtle race ;
This proves the truth, phrenologists have said
That fools, and monkeys, have the said formed head :
And who denies, that at them looking *there*,
Of mind the monkey has the greater share,

For if, of things one good—one bad—he had,
You find he casts aside the proffered bad ;
But ye ! oh fools ! of two things choose the worse,
And throw away the drama to your curse.

FRAGMENT.

“ Farewell, may heaven guard you,” such my speech,
Unto a friend my heart had held most dear,
Sorrow came o’er me, for beyond the reach
He past of my affection ; and appear,
To my sad fancy dangers to uprear,
Their gastly forms, and fill the space between
Now and that moment, when again I’ll hear
That welcome voice—and find that time has been
Working his sure commission on the heart unseen.

HOMER.

First in the lists of poetry we find
That ancient bard, who tuned heroic line
And pictured with his rich and powerful mind
War in its rage, and with it did combine,
Love—fear—temptation—shame—remorse—and
crime—
With blood-stained valor striding o'er the field,
As victory round his brows fresh laurels twine ;
While on Olympus high—the fates unsealed
The book, and the dread issue to the gods revealed.

SHAKSPERE.

He waved his magic wand, and lo ! appeared
The secret depths of nature to unfold,
Her long prized knowledge of the truths she reared ;
All the wild burstings of the passions told ;
All the blood-stained and tragic acts of old,
Lay clear before him—firm his outstretched hand
Grasped all—and shadowed forth with sketches bold
His vivid thoughts in words—while air—sea—land,
Yielded their ghostly treasures at his mind's command.

ODE TO THE DEPARTED.

There is a time when o'er the mind comes sweeping

The thousand recollections of the past ;

There is a time when, as the widow'd weeping,

The throbbing heart beats as to throb its last.

There is a time when friendship's fondest breathings

Flicker for nourishment, as fades the flower

That withers o'er the porch that kissed its wreathings :

And the soul saddens as our memory's power

Paints on the living mind the spirits that are fled.

There is a time when man could wish he'd never

Twined round his heart the bond of friendship's
wreath.

There is a time when souls from souls could sever

The very essence of the love they breathe ;

When hearts, all gladness, lose their every feeling,

Save for the friendships of the times of yore,

And feel the death-sting to new friendship stealing

Over the heart that now may love no more,

Save with the tribute tear the bursting heart may shed.

O, heart of man ! why wert thou fram'd for loving,
And all so changing in this world of thine ?
Why keep thy cords to friendship's music moving,
When hearts responsive die that echo mine ?
O, heart ! be thou from friendship warp'd for ever,
So bring not sadness when thou hear'st of death.
Alas ! 'tis vain for friendship's wreath to sever,
It still reblooms and fades but with our breath,
Refreshed by even tears we shed above the dead.

FRAGMENT.

Remark yon child ! behold its upturned glance,
Its laughing eye, its dimpled cheek, its smile
Upon its mother ; 't will your heart beguile
Of all its sadness, and your soul entrance,
With the delightful thought, that still as yet
No disappointed hopes have left their trace,
Upon that young and joyous speaking face ;
That beams with all the brightness, health and peace
beget.

LINES
ADDRESSED TO THE OFFICERS OF HER MAJESTY'S
STEAM FRIGATE "GROWLER,"

Upon the occasion of her visiting Brazil.

I.

I stood upon the beach—the waters laving
The sparkling pebbles with each wavelet's sweep ;
I saw a cloud its darkening volumes waving,
Over the glassy surface of the deep ;
Its wreathings mingling with the clouds on high,
Darkening the azure of a tropic sky.

II.

I heard the words that bid me wait to see
The spirits brave—waves bore from Albion's land ;
I saw the dark cloud foaming on the sea,
To masts and vessel bearing towards the strand,
Proudly she came, high o'er the billow's roar,
And rode majestic by the tropic shore.

III.

I stood upon the deck—old Ocean's sons around
The "oak Leviathan" beneath my tread ;
Her masts high pencilling the ether bound,
With snow-white canvass o'er her pinions spread ;
Round her broad deck more than an hundred hands
Are clustered where each bristling cannon stands.

VI.

I met with friends—where such might not be found,
When distant from the land I claim mine own ;
May friendship's influence cast an halo round
When ploughing angry seas you ride alone,
Upon the ocean's bosom's troubled swell,
Yet not a blast to break that friendship's spell.

v.

The time may come when foe encounters foe,
When proud hearts beat with yet a prouder throb ;
When battle's God may scatter joy or woe,
When friendship's breast may not refuse a sob,
May friendship's hand, revenge each friendship lost
Till Briton's flag by victory's blast is tost.

SATAN'S HARANGUE TO THE POWERS OF HELL.

From the prose speech of Satan, in the "Christiad," put into verse to agree with the Spencer "Meter," used by Henry Kirke White in that Poem, which the world laments he lived not to complete.

I.

" Ye powers of hell—I am no coward ! I
Have proved it often in our wars of old ;
Who taught you to Jehovah's arms defy ?
Who coped with Ithuriel, and thunders bold
Of the Almighty ? who, when with fierce hold
Your senses by hell's venom torpid lay,
Who first awoke, and in one general fold
Collected all your scattered powers to day,
And ranged them on the lake's scorched banks—who ?
speak ye ! say !

II.

" Who o'er the unfathomable abyss,
Led you in safety to this new world's throne
That totters to its base ? was it for this,
Ye treacherous fiend, that daring, ye have thrown

A stain on Satan's bravery ? ye who own
No better purpose, than to basely feed
On the defenceless—glory in the groan
Of dying infants—and will sow the seed
Of every cruel—foul—and curst ignoble deed.

III.

“ Away with such a boaster, who ne'er gives
His cowardly aid, when wanted in the field,
But, like the vulture, hovers o'er and lives
Upon the wounded—who, compelled to yield,
Have not the strength to raise their fallen shield :
True bravery is from rashness as remote
As 'tis from hesitation—let us wield
Our counsels coolly, and each judgment note :
But when resolved—we'll act, swifter than thought can
float.”

LINES WRITTEN IN BOYHOOD.

If in the world an honest man you'd be,
Stay for a moment and attend to me :—

If you engagements ever truly keep,
A name for punctuality you'll reap—
Be mindful business always to attend,
And friends, unjustly, never to offend.
Be all your actions, open, just, and true,
Though great your faults, they'll dwindle down to few,
Your heart you then will be surprised to find
Made light and buoyant by an easy mind ;
And if with fortune Fate increase your store,
Turn not the care-worn pilgrim from your door,
And bitter taunting words ne'er on him cast,
That cut far keener than the keenest blast,
For though man falls, he never falls so low
As not to feel the sting of satire's blow :
Bind up his wounds of grief with comfort's balm,
And to his o'erflown sorrows stretch the palm
Of sympathizing Charity, that waves
All thought of gaining by the bud it saves ;
Remember, Man, that from the self-same clay
You and the pauper struggled into day ;
This do, and thou dost well, for time may be
When fortune turns, no longer fav'ring thee.

FRAGMENT.

I stand beside the tranquil wave
That ripples to that land,
Where freedom's banner once was known
To wave from glory's hand ;
Where learning loved to rest her form,
Where sculpture reigned supreme,
Where Nature scattered beauties round,
A fairy land—of dream.

The waters sparkle with the light
Of the bright setting sun,
And fleecy clouds across the sky
Their swift and wild course run ;
The swelling heights that rear around
Their tall heads to the sky,
Are covered o'er with stately trees,
Through which the mild winds sigh.

CONFINEMENT.

Thou slow, yet sure, and potent ill, that brings
The proudest spirit to a level with
The most debased mortality—that sucks
The life blood of the soul by slow degrees,
Until it lends it step by step to imbecility,
That drives the proud heart in its bursting throbs
Far towards the brink of sad insanity.
Oh, ye ! whose worldly cunning hurries you
To the adoption of such plans as may
Gain you more labour from your pent up slave ;
How little do you know the mind's intricacies,
How small your knowledge of this busy world.
Is that the mind that breathes within a frame
Pressed down by languor—want of heaven's air,
That yields the greatest fruit ?—no !—no ! not so
You choke the fruit and seed by forcing it :—
Go watch the panther in his native woods,
His bounding strength, his wild ferocity,
His eye-balls' fire—his majesty of pride,

And view the same when 'prison'd in a den,
His strength decay'd—ferocity grown tame,
His listless walk—his glazed eyes languid stare,
His beauty fading in the sunless light :
'Tis so with man—his energies decay,
Each duty gone through as within a dream,
The soul of interest in each object flies,
And inch—by inch—he sinks until he dies.

SONGS.

THE LAND OF BRITANNIA.

I.

Oh ! know ye that land where each zephyr that sighs
Steals a scent from the rose in her vales as it flies,
And bears it away to a neighbouring scene,
Where the perfume it blends with the thistle of green ?

II.

Where the peasant reclines by the murmuring brook,
Peace and joy in his heart, and content in his look,
While the song of his gladness with each wild echo
sails,
And soars to the skies from his dear native vales.

III.

Where the banner of freedom wafts spotless and free,
From palace to cottage—from mountain to sea ;
From her barks as they float over ocean's blue wave,
To plant it triumphant on slavery's grave.

IV.

Where her sons of the sword are the manly and brave,
Attest Wellington !—you led them Europe to save ;
While the billows are spray as her armaments sweep,
Attest Nelson !—you led them as “ Lords of the Deep.”

V.

'Tis the land where in beauty the fairest of earth,
Shed their influence round o'er “ the land of their birth,”
Where the blush of the cheek, and mild light of the eye,
Speak of innocence pure to the hearts that are nigh.

VI.

'Tis the Land of Britannia—the Land of the Free—
Fair Queen of the Ocean—bright pearl of the sea ;
'Tis the Land of Britannia—that issues command
From Canada's frosts—to parch'd India's strand.

TO FONDLY HOPE, AND THINK OF THEE.

Air—"The Rover's Flag,"

I.

When the howling winds are swelling high,
And the tempest's wrath shall shake the sky ;
When our ship is tossed on the foaming wave,
And the ocean yawns—the seaman's grave.

Though hearts around me quail with fear,
I'll choke each throb—restrain each tear—
And on that dark and troubled sea,
Will fondly hope and think of thee.

II.

When those howling winds are hushed in sleep,
And the moon shines on a silv'ry deep ;
And her pale light's beshadowed o'er by clouds
That robe her round like phantom shrouds.

Though joy and gaiety be round,
And nothing heard but laughter's sound ;
From those scenes of pleasure I still can flee,
To fondly hope and think of thee.

THE LOVER'S MOST ELOQUENT TONGUE.

I.

The cheeks with a blush, or the lips with a smile,
Or the glance of the eye from among
The thick ringlets that gracefully cluster it round,
Form lover's soft eloquent tongue ;
And still if they breathe not their wild thoughts in words,
Or allow them to burst forth in song ;
Yet still is there left them, the music of love,
This lover's most eloquent tongue.

II.

If strangers around them should gather in crowds,
And divided they be by the throng ;
Yet still though unnoticed by all who are there,
They converse in this eloquent tongue ;
If the lover be sent 'gainst his country's proud foes,
O'er the waves of the ocean along,
And her wild gushing anguish shall stifle—farewell,
Bids adieu in this eloquent tongue.

ANSWER

TO

“THE SPELL IS BROKEN, WE MUST PART!”

I.

“The spell is broken, we must part,”
The anguish that these words first gave,
Lives to corrode this throbbing heart,
And bear it to its rest—the grave.
Now long to home I’ve bid farewell,
And sought in other lands a spot
Where I have tried in vain to quell
The love you thought I had forgot.

II.

No—round my heart is firm entwined,
That love still breathing once deemed lost,
With my existence ’tis combined,
They part—alone when life’s the cost.
And that I still may be forgiven
Oft my fond fancy pictures yet,
But that we’ll meet once more in Heaven,
That hope—I never can forget.

SONG.

I.

Oh ! who can paint the hopelessness,
The anguish of despair ;
When first you find your thoughts have not,
A friend their griefs to share.
When by the world pressed down with hate,
And sorrow shrouds the whole,
You find you've not the power to stay
The bursting of your soul.

II.

But then, will all your feelings proud,
Disdain beneath to fall,
The utter hatred of such foes,
And rises o'er them all.
And in their rising prey upon
The anguish of your heart ;
While through it as 'tis gnawed away ;
Will pride to rescue start.

THE VALES OF BEDDGELERT.

I.

The world contains no spot so dear,
So hallowed in mine eyes,
As where Beddgelert's valleys sweep,
Beddgelert's hills arise :
Might fortune grant my fondest wish,
'Tis here that we might dwell
Amidst the wildness of its vales,
The magic of their spell.

II.

Where Aber Glaslyn's demon bridge
Seems as a spider's thread,
Stretching from each o'er-hanging cliff,
For none save fairy tread ;
Where far in the dark gulf beneath
The mountain torrents dash,
The only sound that breaks the calm—
The murmuring waters' splash.

III.

Where Snowdon, Cambria's giant lord,
Rears his bleak scalp on high,
Parts with a giant grasp the clouds,
To breathe, midst ether sky ;
'Tis here—the world's turmoil forgot
Each fickle change of fate,
Would cast no shadow o'er our hearts,
No sorrow o'er our state.

IV.

We would live in peace and taste the bliss,
That mutual loving knows,
Binding that bond around our souls
That fond to fond heart throws.
When Time should wing Death's dark decree,
And rob thy latest sigh,
Ah ! then—when all I loved was gone,
'Tis here—that I would die.

SONG.

I.

Oh the loved moment first I saw
Thy flashing eyes of jet,
And their soft brightness beamed on mine ;
I never can forget.

II.

Oh yes, still deeper in my heart
Remembrance will be yet ;
I'll bare it with me to my grave :—
I never can forget.

III.

And if my fate should sorrow bring,
Or misery beset,
'T will be my consolation then ;
I never can forget.

IV.

Or if at last in dark despair
My sun of hopes shall set,
That it may still in brightness rise,
I never can forget.

WITH ME! WITH ME!

A Parody on

"THE SEA! THE SEA!"

I.

With me, with me, then drink with me,
And the sparkling glass shall a bumper be; shall &c.
And not a speck or spot of care,
Must dare to darken the bumper fair,
As you toast the flowing bowl with me,
And friendship's heart be warm in thee,
And friendship's heart, &c.

II.

In thee—in thee—be warm in thee,
Light as the play of a summer sea,
And joy in its deepest recesses flow,
Bright as the spark of this goblet's glow;
If the storms of the world approach us near,
What care we? what care we? all is friendship here,
What care we? &c.

III.

I love ! oh how I love to be !
With social friends surrounding me,
And the heart's bond that graspeth thine,
Shall find that its link is bound to mine ;
Then cast from your hearts all care or woe,
And discord banished be—below,
And discord &c.

IV.

All votaries that friendship still adore,
You will find will praise her more and more,
And backward will fly to her sacred shrine,
Like the ship to her port o'er the watery brine ;
A goddess she was—and shall be to me,
And I worship—I worship—friendship's shrine with thee,
And I worship, &c.

V.

The fate's were bright, I shall not forget,
In the joyful hour, in the joyful hour, when we, when
we, first met,

And enmity lay locked in silent sleep,
And forgot to wake the passions deep,
And the skies were bright o'er mother earth,
And welcomed with joy our friendship's birth,
And welcomed, &c.

VI.

And now that Old Time doth pass o'er all,
He adds but new force to friendship's thrall—
The flow of the sea of our life
Shall sweep to the end devoid of strife,
And death whenever he comes to me,
Shall come—shall come—with friends around like thee,
Shall come—shall come, &c.

I HAVE LOVED THEE! I HAVE LOVED THEE!

Air—"I remember! I remember!"

I.

I have loved thee—I have loved thee—
From the childhood of my day;
Since first we wreathed our garlands,
In the green, green fields of May.

II.

I have loved thee—I have loved thee—
As we love an ether sky ;
And deemed it pure, the love I bore,
As angels love on high.

III.

I have loved thee—I have loved thee—
As a mother loves her child ;
As the zephyrs o'er the ocean,
Love to kiss the billows wild.

IV.

I have loved thee—I have loved thee—
With passion's burning strain ;
With heart—with soul—with every hope—
As I ne'er shall love again.

WOMAN! WAR! AND WINE!

A GLEE,

For Three Voices.

FIRST VOICE.

Woman!—our toast!—a void were here,
Of the verdure of earth's pleasure,
Failed this bright rosebud to appear
Her choicest—fairest—gem and treasure;
Eden still failed in beauty, till this flower
Bloomed in the garden, gladdening Adam's bower.

CHORUS.

Fill high the goblet—be the bowl
With the bright juice o'erflowing;
Raised be our spirits, while each soul,
Gay with glad friendship glowing,
Echoes each note our kindred hearts combine,
To toast triumphant—Woman! War! and Wine!

SECOND VOICE.

War!—be our toast!—danger daring,
Yields a joy that the brave heart feels,
Warriors death's pale sceptre sharing,
Hurl oft that death that from them reels;
Battle's triumphant thunderings pealing cease,
War's changing trumpet hails approach of peace.

CHORUS.

Fill high the goblet—be the bowl
With the bright juice o'erflowing, &c., &c.

THIRD VOICE.

Wine!—be our toast!—when red war dies,
When the vintage bright grape teems;
When each fond zephyr fragrance sighs,
When dark eye through dark lashes beams,
When hearts are softened by the social glee,
And souls responsive echo thoughts as free.

CHORUS.

Fill high the goblet—be the bowl
With the bright juice o'erflowing; &c., &c.

THE DEPARTURE.

I.

My friends are around me in numbers entreating,
The blue of the heavens are dark with the night;
And the breath of my soul from my bosom retreating,
Sends the tear drops to linger and dim on my sight.

II.

We must part ! we must part ! hark !—the voice of the
ocean,
Is breathing forth murmurs that bid me depart,
And the breath of the storm is wild dashing to motion,
The waves that in madness might sicken the heart.

III.

Time was, when my heart had not ventured to leave ye ;
When with grief its vibrations had bid me to stay :
Yet the world in its chill, of its joys may bereave me,
But never, its love to thee, flitter away.

IV.

It was born in my breast, when it first felt its breathings,
It increased with my manhood, grew strong with
my strength ;
As the vine o'er the cedar may fling round its wreathings,
To strengthen—to beauty—the whole through its
length.

V.

But away with the tear, and away with this grief,
I go—and fond hope will not picture for ever ;
I bear thy esteem—'tis the balm of relief,
That must nourish the hopes that this parting
might sever.

WHEN THE GREEK IN HIS BEAUTY, SAT ROBED
IN HIS PRIDE.

When the Greek in his beauty, sat robed in his pride,
By the star of existence, his own dear bride ;
Luscious drink for the gods, Maronean's dark wine
He quaffed, and the pledge--yes ! fair Greece ! it was
thine.

CHORUS.

Wine quickens the spirits—enlivens the soul,
Yet alone it still fails to enoble the whole,
 Fill your glass,
 Pledge your lass,
Drink to friends now afar,
 Then take rest
 And be blest
While you smoke your cigar.

When the proud Roman feasted that lord of a world,
And the banquet hall opening its splendours unfurled ;
Falernian the wine bore each goblet on high,
Wine that Bacchus or Jove might each pledge with a
 sigh.

Chorus—

When the German carouses, enveloped in smoke,
Like the cloud o'er the bower, when Jupiter woke ;
Then Johannisberg—Grafenberg—Steinberg—Tokay—
Fill their goblets gigantic till first streak of day.

Chorus—

When the Briton in gladness inclines to be merry,
Purple glitters the port—amber sparkles the sherry ;
And the yeoman who battles adversity's gale,
Quaffs his glass of mild whisky or foaming bright ale.

Chorus—

WHEN EARLY IN LIFE WE ARE THROWN ON
THE WORLD.

I.

When early in life we are thrown on the world,
And strive with our utmost to bend,
All passing events so they aid our advance ;
What's so useful or true as a friend.

II.

When your heart is entranced by the magic of love ;
And a rival has dared to offend,
You first for your honor, a challenge endite,
Then turn to look round for a friend.

III.

Then after successful you bear off the prize,
Before at the church you attend,
To receive her a bride in reward of your truth ;—
In a groom's man you look for a friend.

IV.

And when nurse with a smirk and a smile on her face
Shews an heir and cries "what a god-send ;"
To father the sins of the child on some head,
For a godfather turn to a friend.

V.

But if hard pressing on you adversity frowns,
And neglected you sink to your end ;
'Tis then that you feel from the depth of your heart,
The kindness and truth of a friend.

THE DANCE OF THE FAIRIES.

I.

Where the waters gently swelling,
 Glittering in the pale moon light ;
By soft lavings formed a dwelling,
 Fit for love 'midst corals bright,

II.

Fairies there in mazy measure,
 Trip through crystal arches high ;
Round and round in endless pleasure,
 Led my music's faintest sigh.

III.

While their feet as brilliants flashing,
 Sparkle 'midst the waving dance ;
Their sylph-like forms as meteors flashing,
 Meet and now elude the glance.

IV.

The pale light from the waves collecting,
 On a thousand crystal gems ;
Round the starry cave reflecting,
 Forming countless diadems.

OH THE MIND THAT IS PENT IN A HOME
STRICKEN SOUL.

I.

Oh the mind that is pent in a home stricken soul,
Is wrecked of its pride as the ship on the shoal ;
But give me the mind that is tossed as the bark,
On the tempest of passions—the fierce and the dark.

II.

To guide it with pride through the storms of the world,
And trample the malice that envy has hurled ;
To battle with stern opposition and wrongs,
With the heart's pulse of pride that success prolongs.

III.

To sail through their billows marked with white foam
of hate,
Yet rise o'er them all, as their angers dilate ;
And grasp firmly the helm of the mind that soars,
To battle the tempest where discord roars.

IV.

To anchor at last in the calm seas of life,
After breasting the stormy waves of strife ;
For 'tis thus—and thus only—by battle we learn,
To value the peace that same battle may earn.

OH YE DWELLERS IN BRITAIN—THAT LAND
OF MY BIRTH !

I.

Oh ye dwellers in Britain—that land of my birth !
In a paradise live to the rest of the earth ;
Did you ramble from home—it would start you to find,
How low virtue has sank in the breasts of mankind.

II.

Go visit the land where the red blazing sun,
Bids the blood run cool through the bosoms of none ;
Where the heat of the passions fly swift with the blood,
And anarchy reigns, where once liberty stood.

III.

Where the play of the passions, the fierce and the wild,
Has an echo that sobs in the breast of the child ;
Where anger and discord, bring vengeance with blood,
Swift and sure as destruction, keeps pace with the flood.

IV.

Where the beauty of nature is mockery's smile,
To the darkness of hearts that are black with their guile ;
Where the glass of the ocean that sweeps round the land,
Is a mirror of brightness that silvers the strand.

V.

But why is the mirror transparent and fair,
Round the land where the treasury of nature is there ?
'Tis that nature has formed to reflect from its face,
The dark sins of its sons,—round the world of space.

VI.

Oh Britain ! cold Britain ! the mirror round thee,
Is confused with the waves of a troubled sea ;
That sweeps round thy shores, and echoes in air,
With the laughter of joy, or the sob of despair.

VII.

Here—blazing and glittering full on the sight,
Where the death-star to slavery rises in light ;
There—muddy and dark, in the lap of the foam,
Shews the spot where oppression's hard hand is on home.

VIII.

Here—brightness all glory, where the standard of God,
Waves proud where the Pagan's lies torn on the sod ;
There—darkness is round, where the same standard
 flowing,
Marks where the crusade against Christians is glowing.



SONG

OF THE BRAZILIAN GANHADORE.

I.

Arouse thee ! bold spirits of Afric's dark line,
Bid the day-star of freedom refulgent to shine !
Ah !—land of our fathers—where our brethren are free ;
'T was the hand of the white man that tore us from
 thee :—

Where our heart's pulse in gladness beat wild through
our form,
Till the white man came there as the lightning in storm,
'Midst the tempests of ocean we were brought to his
shore ;
Now, the slave of that white—and his Ganhadore.

II.

'T was his deep stinging avarice tore us away,
From that land were the sun brightly blazes to-day ;
Where his ray o'er the mountain paints forest and sky,
With the gorgeous tints of his purple dye :
And beams on the free and bold hearts of our sires ;
Shall it be then ? *that* freedom—*that* boldness expires ?
Forbid it—just heaven ! whose Lord we adore,
And be freedom ere yet—for the Ganhadore.

WHERE GUADALQUIVER'S PLACID WAVE.

I.

Where Guadalquiver's placid wave,
Fair Andalusian valleys lave,
 And bears away
The essence stolen from each flower,
To float it to some distant bower,
 And scatter it in spray.

II.

'Tis here I hourly think of her,
Who soars in beauty o'er the fair
 Of every sphere ;
Thy coral lips—thy downcast eye—
And blushing cheek—and heart drawn sigh,
 Dwell with me yet, my dear.

III.

Could I but bid an angel now,
Go place upon her heavenly brow
 A charm from me ;
The softest wish that moves my heart,
The brightest gift I could impart,
 Should all around thee be.

THE CROWNING OF NEPTUNE.

Air—"Flow thou regal purple stream."

Roll thou dark blue ocean roll !
Foaming on from pole to pole ;
O'er thy billows Neptune sails,
'Midst thy tempests—storms—and gales.

Now ! let thy crystal empire ring !
Sea nymphs hail him ocean's king ;
Round his car in circles sweep,
Naiads, fairest of the deep.

Hark ! I hear their echoed song,
O'er silv'ry waves it floats along.

CHORUS.

They hail him king ! they hail him king !

THE SHETLAND FISHERMAN.

The morning was calm, and the blue tranquil deep,
Was a mirror of brightness—its passions asleep :
And the wave of adieu—as we dashed out to roam,
Came from wife and fond bairns by the fisherman's home.

We fished, were successful ; we turned for the shore,
But were met by the burst of the hurricane's roar—
In vain to oppose it—as eagle we flew,
And bourne from the land—to our home, bid adieu !

Our small sails were furled, our hatches closed tight,
And we swept with the wind through the darkness of
night ;

And each sobbing wave as it swelled to the sky,
Sucked us down in its trough, and then hurled us on
high.

O that night ! by what madness my bosom was rent ;
How my soul was by sorrow and misery bent ;
And the heart-rending thoughts of the tearful wife,
Choked the prayer on my lips 'midst the element's strife.

'T was fearful !—'twas fearful !—and each one who was
there,

Turned his eyes upon mine, seeking hope from despair ;
And I stifled my grief—for my son was there—
My light-haired laddie—the fisherman's heir.

Day dawned 'midst the rage of the elements wild,
And the heavens frowned dark, to our prayer, that they
smiled ;

Around and around us, still one vast foaming space,
Where the winds in storm-chariots rode ocean's face.

Our hearts sad and drear,—grew chill with despair—
For we were not alone—no—grim hunger came there :
Day faded ~~again~~, and night pillowed her form,
Where the tempest her lullaby shrieked in the storm.

No hope—still no hope—and now darkness once more,
Oh God, in thy mercy, send help we implore !
Day dawned, with the light there was succour at hand,
We are saved ! we are saved ! thank heaven there's
land !

The surf is around, and the wild breakers roar,
Yet we heed not the danger, we dash for the shore ;
And in safety we land upon Norway's bleak coast,
Unharm'd through the horrors we dreaded the most.

Weeks—weeks passed away, ere dear Shetland once
more,

We returned sad at heart, to thy storm beaten shore ;
My hut was in sight—oh the agony wild !
Of that moment of doubt—where's my wife and my
child ?

Who is that on the beach ? it is she ! it is she !
Gracious heaven I'm thankful—my daughter I see—
How is this !—know you not then your father my child ?
She looked in my face—God ! an idiot smiled.

They led me away—far more dead than in life,
They point to a spot,—'tis the grave of my wife ;
Oh dread were the horrors that tempest combined,
Though fearful in body—far more fearful in mind.

LINES WRITTEN DURING A VIGIL IN THE CHAMBER
OF THE DEAD.

Death, what art thou ? whither bred,
Dwell you with the quick, or dead ?
Are you some destructive power,
Seeking victims hour on hour ;
Taking still a mad delight,
Mortal happiness to blight ;
Flickering o'er the sleeper now,
Soon to smite that beating brow ;
With the living, living ever,
But to check a life of pleasure ;
And in hatred—biding still
But to feed on flesh at will ;
Smiting all—but not to save,
Hurling millions to the grave ?

Art thou one that must not die,
Damned for immortality ;
With an hunger never ceasing,
But for ever still increasing ;
Cursed to find, the more you smite,
The more your hunger will incite
The madness that exists in thee,
Where murder is but revelry ;
For man's sympathies you care not—
Doing ever—what man *dare* not ?

Or art thou from heaven above,
Minister of angel's love ?
Sent amidst our fallen race
In secret ;—and with silent pace,
Past each sufferer to creep,
Ending anguish in thy sleep ;
Being thus, to man below,
The end—the refuge—of his woe ?

We live in health,—and never think of death,
Till fierce disease may strike us with his power ;
We live in health,—and value not that breath,
That fell disease may grasp at any hour.

We live in health,—yet death is all around,
And each day marks some valued life's decay ;
We live in health,—when lo ! that dreaded sound,
Death's whispering voice—has hurried us away.

We live in health,—list ! mortals, lend an ear,—
Ye are the food by which grim death may live—
And while in health, live ye in hope and fear,
When you death feed—God heavenly health may
give.



MONTBAR.

"He left a Corsair's name to other times,
Link'd with one virtue, to a thousand crimes."

BYRON.



ARGUMENT.

Description of a bay in the tropics—the island—vessel moored in its shade—her description—the watch—sleeping crew—night in the tropics—the moon's rising—the signal—an arrival—the pirate chief's description—the vessel's departure—feelings on the ocean—description of the chief continued—his lieutenants—the training of a bucanier—hunters of Hispaniola—the logwood cutters—tempests—Panama, sacking of—morning on the deep—vessels, altered appearance—anxiety of the crew—approach of the Spanish frigate—A sail! a sail!—the Spanish frigate—description of an approaching ship at sea—preparation for battle.



MONTBAR.

Canto the First.

I.

It is a night of beauty—the blue sky,
Spangled with stars and fleecy drapery,
Sheds down a light upon a shore and sea,
Faint as the shading to reality ;
All is so soft and delicately fair,
It seems a mellowed vision resting there.

II.

The hills in half seen forms bend down to kiss,
The rippling waters in their dark abyss ;
Which the blue waves, light coursing to the beach,
In playful sparkles seal with murmuring speech :
And the cool night breeze stealing from the land,
Toys the white crests the laughing seas expand :

The verdant hills encircle a small bay,
Where glassy waters dance each star's soft ray,
The mango sketches its broad limbs on sky,
And the tall cocoa waves its head on high :
The hills—the trees—the moving water's glow,
As views that oft through memory's landscape flow ;
And all so softened—that the whole but seem
The pencilled image of some scene we dream,
So gentle—tranquil—save the rustling palm,
No voice of nature breaks the general calm.

III.

There is an island bosomed on the bay,
Round which the billows leap in sportive play ;
Dashing their heads against the rocks that rise
High and embattled, towering to the skies,
And frowning cast their shadows far and wide,
The guardian spirits of the sweeping tide ;
And far beneath them in the shadow there,
A vessel rides within the watery lair ;
Moored in the shade, where no obtrusive eye,
Peering its depths may there her strength descry,
As if her deeds were such—though dark the night,
What little light there is—she shuns its sight.

IV.

Her fairy shape seems formed for eagle's flight,
Her run so clear—her form in all so light,
Her tall masts raking, taper as the reed,
Clothed with the pinions that impel her speed ;
While round their base the glittering arms appear,
The musket—pistol—cutlass—and the spear ;
And fore and aft the deck runs broad and free,
With cannon bristling o'er the sobbing sea.

V.

The watch in silence gaze on sea and sky,
Or pace the deck, where clustered numbers lie,
Grasping their daggers in their restless sleep,
Dark pirates dreaming ; terrors of the deep !
Their lips may move—but there no smile will beam,
Where blood-red actions darken all they dream ;
Pity may trespass—but not harbour there,
But fly from fury maddened by despair :
Their hearts are brave—their souls are steeped in ill,
And blood and vengeance revel there at will
While each dark purpose—sleep's oblivion tames,
Each soul receives the wound—each fell mind aims :

Thus conscience strikes, with weapon poisoned well,
And the wound cankers—makes the mind a hell :
Such is the crew, and such the bark that rides,
Silent and hidden on the swelling tides ;
As tigers crouching—lurking for their prey,
They lie in darkness—waiting for the day.

VI.

The night sleeps calmly—silent in her rest,
Slumbering in peace as tranquil sleep the blest,
The zephyrs fan the features they expose,
And kiss the beauty of her cheek's repose ;
The wild vanilla sheds its essence round,
And scents the waters of the deep's profound :
The stars through space immeasurable roll,
Spangle the ether vault from pole to pole ;
And clouds as guardians of the sleep of night,
On fleecy pinions wing their gentle flight.

VII.

'Tis now the noon of night—behold she wakes !
A light beams in the east in playful flakes,
It guilds the sky—it kisses each bright cloud,
And robes them all in one rich silver shroud :

She wakes!—ah! no—'tis but a dream of day,
The moon in beauty chariots here her way,
She rises as a sea nymph from the deep,
To watch from heaven her favourite in sleep:
The zephyrs warbling through the tropic trees,
Hailing her coming—wake into a breeze.

VIII.

Scarce had the moon's bright rays kissed ether sky,
When flashed a bright blaze from the rocks on high;
And the sharp ringing of a pistol flung
Its echoes 'midst the caves and rocks among:—
And now upon the wings of breezes float,
The sounds vibrating of a whistle's note;
Swift from the craft a light boat speeds to land,
Runs half its length upon the grating sand:
A form—in silence, wrapt in dark capote,
Steps from the strand—and seats him in the boat;
Long sweep the oars at his imperious beck,
And soon he stands upon that wild bark's deck.

IX.

Cold—distant—haughty—was the air and mien,
With which he noticed all on that fell scene;

“Bertrand!” and as he spake he turned to one,
Whose aspect fierce, was dark to look upon,—
“Call up all hands, and quick the anchor weigh,
“Idle and vain the moments that we stay ;
“Crowd on all sail, and let this shore be far,
“Before the sun eclipse the morning star.”
No more he spake, but silent strode apart,
As if he communed with an aching heart.

X.

He stands apart there from the moving crew,
Long gazing on the moonlight scene in view ;
Yet in his gaze—his fiery eye seems stayed,
Nor wanders it from sea to forest glade.
His mind on one all fearful hope seems bent,
Yet shews that brow none of its dark intent ;
No word—no sign—may tell the curious there,
Why thus they hurry from their secret lair ;
And vain conjecture—that is left to time—
To them indifferent bring it—love—or crime ;
Known by the past that where *he* leads, success
Is ever found their blood-red arms to bless.

XI.

Now all is bustle on that deck, where late ;
War and the passions slumbered in their hate.
The yards are squared—the flowing canvass swells,
And hugs the breeze that kissing it impels ;
She glides from out the shade to waters light,
And skims the billows of the moon-lit night ;
As starts the seagull, from its rocky nest,
To bathe its bosom on the wavelet's crest ;
Rising and falling on the bay's long swell,
She bids to that fair shore a quick farewell :
And parts the watery mountains wrap'd in foam,
To ride majestic o'er her ocean home.
With snow-white pinions spread on high she cleaves
The rolling billows round the land she leaves ;
Her bows proud heaving, dash the waves aside,
That round in foam and fiery sparkles glide :
And seems that pirate's—as a phantom's flight,
That speeds its path o'er seas of liquid light.

XII.

Oh ! who shall paint the glory of the hour
When first we skim that ocean's mighty power ;

Who has not felt the bursting thoughts too great
For utterance, in their bold and swelling state ;
When the blue waters far and near are spread,
And ocean's breathings rock our pensive head ;
The waters shine the mirror of our mind,
Sparkling and bright before—and dark behind :
We live in glory—danger yields a zest,
That gilds the present—glosses o'er the rest ;
For who, that sails him o'er the deep while smiling,
One moment pictures that bright world beguiling.

XIII.

But who is he ? so wrap'd in his own thought,
Who never yet has human friendship sought ;
Whose full, bold brow, though open and unbent,
Retains its hopes as locked in adamant ;
Still is there something there, that speaks as yet,
His heart cannot all feelings kind forget ;
As if proud Virtue lingered yet sublime,
Undaunted, though defeated oft by Crime,
To cast her influence on his mind, and check
The hell of passions round him on that deck.

XIV.

It had been whispered that his youth had been
Passed in a higher—may be—nobler scene,
When down was yet—where grows that dark mustache,
That man had worked his mandates—often rash ;
As if he saw in common dangers nought,
To be by brave minds either shun'd or sought ;
But were it such, that trembling—other men
Fled the encounter—he was foremost then,
And Mercy from his sabre's stroke retired,
Yet Pity moved him, when his foe expired ;
And he would spare the shrinking—yielding—few,
And sheath his sword—when Vengeance had her due.
And there were times when half the sleepless night,
He gazed abstracted on the ocean bright ;
As if the coolness from each spray-crowned wave,
Would sepulchre the thoughts in memory's grave ;
Then his wrung mind, would burst from out his soul,
And term that virtue—he could not control ;
The maddening vengeance burning through each vein,
Would cord his forehead with the brand of Cain :
“ My wildest deeds—ambition—love of fame,
“ May purify to gild the pirate's name ;

“ And if I sail a scourge upon the sea,
“ My power is used but ’gainst mine enemy ;
“ *I* smite no soul, but bears ’gainst *me* its hate,
“ And valour still the act may vindicate.
“ *My* foes—are mankind’s *too*—on them it falls,
“ Whom riches, blindly maddening enthrals ;
“ Beneath each sabre stroke a passion dies,
“ ‘To Justice then a golden sacrifice.’ ”

XV.

But when he ceased, the “still small voice” would speak,
The harrowing doubt yet flushed on that dark cheek ;
A mind half good—half evil—none could say
Why from the world he tore himself away.
But it might be, he was too proud to live,
Where Art can show no bold restorative ;
Where Civilization rears her hot-house plants,
Choking their powers with the gifts she grants.

XVI.

There was another there, whom war and years,
Had given weight among his dark compeers :

Born—bred—inured to dangerous life,
The breath of his existence lived in strife ;
Blood—war—revenge—were earliest words he lisped,
Taught by the very lips that first he kissed ;
He grew in stature as he grew in vice,
And trained his feelings to be cold as ice.
As youth advanced, he left his hut to roam,
And in the uncut forests, found a home,
Where Earth teemed forth, her wildest sons to range
O'er freedom's fields, with ev'ry day a change :
The untamed bull, they followed its mad pace,
And rock and river stayed in vain the chase ;
With dart—with lance, his smarting hide they goad,
As o'er wild plains, on wilder steeds they rode ;
Till pressed by numbers—snorting blood and sand—
He furious turns, to bay the coming band ;
Round him, and round, the hunters swiftly wheel,
And bury in his side, the dripping steel ;
With bellowings loud he rushes on his foes—
Fire in his eye—though death is in his throes ;
He stops—he reels—the fire forsakes his eye,
One stag'ring plunge—then slowly falls to die ;

From reeking carcass, then, the hide they tore,
To barter with the trader on the shore,
For arms and powder—then as freedom's child,
To wander back into the matto wild :
Where the rude chase they killed procured them food,
And clothed their savage state of hardihood :—
When the chase tired, they felled the noble tree,
And bartered that to minds less fierce and free ;
They were a brotherhood of spirits fierce,
As the wild cattle they would hunt and pierce :
Free—as the winds that swept in wrath on high,
And waved the forest trees 'twixt them and sky ;
Bold—as the onca, pacing 'neath their net,
Where swayed by winds in hardy slumbers set,
They rest in redes from the spreading trees,
Their vesper music the loud murmuring breeze.
And so lived Bertrand—as the winter sky,
Savage—and bold—and fierce from infancy ;
Change breeds change—passions, passions wilder still,
So his whole soul, grew fierce and fiercer—till
By slow degrees, from beast, to human slaughter,
He left the land—and found it—on the water.

XVII.

When tempest-formed battalions crowded sky,
And storm-clad champions fought 'midst clouds on high;
O'er angry seas their lightning lances hurled,
And crashing thunders, awed the trembling world :
Through the drear watch, while starting at each flash,
And mute—and moveless—at each echoing crash,
Would crowd beside him 'midst the darkness wild,
Each fickle—superstitious—Ocean's child :—
For what to him—the tempest's fearful fight,
Known to those eyes—since first they saw the light,
Till so familiar—that the scornful smile,
Would settle on those withered lips of guile ;
While younger hands—would shade their dazzled eyes,
When the forked lightnings lit the sea and skies.

XVIII.

And he would tell them, how, of Panama,
Her glories and her riches rang afar,
How hearts brave as his own—from earliest days,
Had been attracted by her golden rays ;

How, led by Morgan--each piratic band—
Across the isthmus—marked with fire and brand,
Their track of slaughter—how Pacific wave,
Beheld its richest pearl in slavery's grave ;
And then their home march, ladened with the spoil ;
And the wild revel on a friendly soil ;
How sailor-like, they spent their booty free,
Till urged by want turned back upon the sea.

XIX.

And now the sun has brightened night to day,
Yet onward ! onward ! robed in snowy spray,
The vessel glides :—but Nature's face on sea,
Is not more changed in all its looks than she ;
The masts that tower'd to sky, have lowered their height,
And not a cannon bristling meets the sight :
Her snow-white ports, are dark from stern to stem,
And all her aspects, mercantile and tame :
Her decks remain as old, still throng'd with men,
“ Why cast they o'er the deep that earnest ken ? ”

As if expecting from the wave to rise,
Some sought-for object to their thirsting eyes :
And now those eyes turn anxious on their chief,
To see if doubt, from him, may gain relief.

XX.

Still his walk on that deck is calm, as when
His mandate drove them from their secret den ;
But *once*, his eye he turned to look upon
The spot, where the bright sun was rising on ;
And then—it flashed with that swift lightning blaze,
That show'd the soul was centr'd in the gaze :
That flash, alone, has told the crew—the day
Is marked for some dark deed of bloody fray.

XXI.

Right was the reading, of that flashing eye ;
For now a speck is seen between the sky,
And the far waves—a mist—a cloud—at first,
Till growing in its bulk, to form—it burst :

A sail ! a sail ! oh, wild exulting shout,
That rings its echoes on that deck throughout :
On ! on ! it comes—as come the winds of heaven,
To track the ocean with celestial leaven,
Sea—upon sea—she rises o'er—to sink,
Till but her topsails gleam o'er ocean's brink ;
Now jib and foresail, rise again once more,
As if for prey—she looks the waters o'er :
Robed in the beauty of the sparkling water,
Majestic rides her realms as ocean's daughter.

XXII.

Away ! away ! rash man—while speed may gain,
Thy safety from the swiftest bark of Spain ;
Why waitest thou ? though boldest of the brave,
Fly ! whilst thou may'st thy pride unsullied save !
As yet, yon frigate marks not thy small craft—
Back to the shore !—gain safety in thy draught,
Light in your depth—the breakers scarce may stay
The bounding swiftness of thy watery way !
Too bold—too bold—to know of fears alarms,
He waves his hand and cries “to arms ! to arms !”

XXIII.

Now their wild spirits—revel in mad joy,
And hand and soul are burning to destroy ;
And swift for battle whet the burnished brand,
Or try its balance with a practised hand :
Or choose with which, death's fearful doom to strike,
With pistol—sabre—tomahawk—or pike.

End of Canto the First.

NOTES TO THE WANDERER.

PAGE 13—LINE 9.

*He stood upon the pier,
Rapt in his own sad thoughts ;*

It was some few minutes after twelve o'clock of the night of Sunday, the 2nd of August, 1840, that our vessel made her first attempt to leave that land, to which it was not the Author's intention to return for years ; he eventually remained more than four years in the Brazils—years, that memory still recalls with pleasure.

PAGE 15—LINE 13.

*Ocean's young blooming daughter stood exposed,
Almost in regal majesty and power.*

There are but few places which have risen to the importance of Liverpool, that retain the freshness of

youth—if such an expression may be allowed—which is still to be observed upon her quays and the huge piers that embattle and enclose the angry turbulence of her waters; even in the memory of her present inhabitants she was in the cradle of her infancy, and now

“As from the stroke of the enchanter’s wand”

she has sprung forth into the fullness of her beauty and her power, distancing the whole of her former compeers, and fast treading upon the footsteps of the greatest rival Earth has yet produced; and it may now with justice be said of her, as of Venice in her days of splendour:—

*“She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
Rising with her tiara of proud towers,
At airy distance, with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers.”*

PAGE 17—LINE 17.

And he is alone—

Upon the waste of waters.

It has been said that perfect loneliness exists not upon the deep, but in the forest or the desert. For my

own part I have been alone in the uncut forests, that obstruct the light of day from the banks of the Amazon, where eternal twilight shares her undisputed reign with night; yet, though loneliness is dread and drear in this, you feel not that personal loneliness as upon the deep at night—where you find yourself, as it were, placed solitary, between the ship and the waters of this world below you and the immensity of the moving vast of creation above, it is then you feel the mere nothingness of mortal existence.

PAGE 18—LINE 7.

Yet loved one—give not sorrow away—

READ

Yet loved one—give not sorrow way—

PAGE 21—LINE 9.

As he turns away

A sigh escapes him.

Oh the dreadful monotony of a calm, the same eternal breathing of the ocean, rising and falling like a human breast; the never-ceasing roll of the ship! I defy

Patience self to endure a calm at sea, upon the long heaving swell, by the Equator ; the blazing sun high in the zenith—shining like a globe of moulted glass, and the scorched decks with the hot pitch rising in bubbles from the seams, and not a breath, no not the sigh of a dying zephyr, to waft its passing coolness on her burning cheek ; yes, I defy her, Patience though she be—to retain her boasted equanimity of character, in a scene like this.

PAGE 37—LINE 5.

——*And yet he sailed
Suspended o'er its summit by the brine.*

The vastness of the world that is entombed beneath the waters of the ocean will never come home to the conception of man with such force, as when upon his midnight couch, on that ocean's breast, he finds,

*It is fearful then
To steer the mind, in deadly solitude,
Up the vague stream of probability ;*

that, but the frail planks of the floating cell, in which he rests, divide him from the world beneath ; that one moment the vessel, urged to madness by the power of the

tempest, surges over the brow of some submerged Atlas—the keel parting the shallow water above its slime-covered summit, and then away, the next instant, to float suspended over valleys that form one huge unbroken continent below, peopled with monsters moving amidst the collected wrecks of ages; the huge leviathans of these dark regions prowling for their prey, glutting themselves upon the mortal food that they behold descending from the dim light that swims high above them upon ocean's face; but, man is lost in his conceptions of the profundity and magnitude of the deep.

PAGE 39—LINE 10.

The long light casca took its arrow flight.

In the province of Maranham the small canoe, made out of the trunk of a tree, with merely a thin narrow plank secured above it to form a gunnel, is termed a "casca"—a shell—from its lightness, as they call the shell of an egg "casca de ovo." In the province of Para, upon the waters of the Amazon and its tributaries, the same is called a "Monteria;" but why? as I never could obtain a satisfactory answer to my question on this point, I am still in doubt; but as from their drawing little or no water, and from their being generally used by hunters to ascend narrow and shallow creeks in pursuit of their

game, I am inclined to give credit to the word having been brought into use from "Monteiro," a huntsman."

PAGE 40—LINE 6.

——*topple over and fall*

*On the embattled piers with force, that shakes
The solid stone work, quivering to its base.*

Whoever may have been on the ramparts of Maranh, at high tide and during the dry season, when the wind for months, with but little variation, blows from the same quarter, and often with great violence, will admit the astonishing power of the unbroken swells that flow in from the open bay: they have none of the dashing fury of a British swell, but come on slow, heavy, and sluggish, as the character of the people on their shores, as if they also had become drowsy with the heat of the climate; and they come rolling and swelling in bulk, without any foam, being too indolent to do any such thing, as to break into spray, until they heave themselves up against the piers, where their very bulk lifts up the head of the wave till it slowly topples over and falls. It was seeing this that made me first thoroughly understand the justice of Byron's description of the Ocean—

*"In the torrid clime
Dark heaving."*

PAGE 41—LINE 10.

*From out its open coffin, its sweet face
Smiled through its covering of fragrant flowers,*

Nothing can be more beautiful than the custom that exists in Brazil, to paint death as much as possible without his horrors—to rob him of his loneliness—to clothe him as the living have been accustomed to see him, so that when the nearest friend gently covers with a white handkerchief the face of the departed, and closes and locks together the lids of the open coffin, at the side of the grave, friendship bears away the remembrance of the lost one, as in the softened quiet of repose.

PAGE 43—LINE 8.

*O, slavery ! ah, what !
What hast thou not to answer for ?*

I had intended to have written more fully upon this subject, and to have followed up more minutely my sentiments produced by a four years' residence in the heart of a slave-owning community ; but considering it preferable that they appear in a more connected form, I have determined upon introducing them into a Prose Work, now in hand, upon the Brazils and the Brazilians.

Although this cancer in the moral mind of civilization, is horrible to the reflecting mind ; yet none, who have been for any length of time, with moderate powers of observation, a dweller in the hot-bed of the enormity, but must admit that there exists no small amount of quackery in the British physician's remedies for a cure.

PAGE 45—STANZA 3.

*Fond child of Nature—smiling in thy youth,
While half a world has grown into old age.*

Perhaps, of all the countries that spread their far extending boundaries over the vast space of the continents of North and South America, the Empire of Brazil possesses more of its primeval simplicity than any other ; in particular upon the banks of the Amazon, where whole tracts of country are still clothed with the huge uncut antediluvian forests of earth's early infancy ; where, in many parts, the Indian still roams unmolested over the hunting-grounds of his forefathers ; where Civilization still stands awe-struck on its threshold, wanting as yet confidence to enter into the vastness of its solitudes, and where she *will* wait, probably for ages, till Time shall swell her fast increasing ranks, and Necessity shall urge her desolate thousands, to people and destroy Nature's last hermitage.

PAGE 47—STANZA 7.

*'Tis vain—'tis useless—words have not the power,
To pay a debt of gratitude—away
The thought!*

It was in the early part of March, 1842—the state of my health rendering a sea voyage necessary—I arrived at Para, bowed down by sickness, unknowing and unknown to any one, a stranger in a foreign land; yet I found friends that were more than kind to me—persons who treated me with more than the world terms hospitality; how the fashion of that world misnomers terms—Hospitality, they know her not! Civility—how often do we see you strutting before men's eyes, robed in the borrowed garments of your sister—but without her soul.

PAGE 48—LINE 2.

The stars in the sky are all foreign to me.

In travelling in Europe, or in the United States, the face of Nature wears a smile that is familiar;—it is when the equator is passed, and the bright eye of the north star ceases to glad you with its presence, where new constellations light up the countenance of Nature, and the cross of the bright south rises and sets before

you, that you find your old friend Nature has changed her garments, and her head-dress sparkles with a thousand brilliants, the very names of which are unknown to you.

PAGE 48—LINE 6.

The “kiss-flower” hums its soft music in glee.

The humming bird—this elegant little fluttering diamond of the woods—has received, in the Brazils, the very appropriate name of the “beija-flor,” or “kiss-flower.” They may be seen in great numbers in the early morning, hovering round the feeding trees in the woods, in close company with the manakins, and countless other varieties of small delicately-plumaged birds of the Tropics.

PAGE 85—LINE 10.

*Who advanced and gave
Into her hand a “Chaplet and a Book.”*

The Poem of the Wanderer was originally sent in MSS from Brazil to a valued friend in England, as a journal descriptive of a sea voyage—and was not written with any intention of being published—but having been

persuaded to the publishing of part, it was deemed better, at the last, not to divide the work.

End of Notes to the Wanderer.

NOTES TO SKETCHES IN VERSE.

PAGE 84—LINE 4.

And o'er the waves the light bark sped,

And winged her watery flight.

The account given here of a piratical brigantine is obtained from Tom Cringle's Log—which has been trespassing upon for technical phrases and descriptions: after a few of the first stanzas, the similarity ceases.

PAGE 96—LINE 1.

*Behold the Lamb stretched forth his hand and broke,
The sixth seal of the Lord Jehovah's book*

It was from having seen a sketch on this subject from a painting by F. Danby, F.R.A., that the above lines were written. I have never seen the original picture.

End of Notes to Sketches in Verse.

NOTES TO DOMESTIC PIECES.

PAGE 105—LINE 1.

*There is a boon that I would ask of those
Whom chance may lead to read this little book.*

In the summer of 1839, my sister made me a present of "Poems on Italy," by Rogers, I read them in her

company, in the summer of 1840, I re-read them in the Brazils—alone—and

“ Dwelling a stranger, in a stranger’s land.”

England—home—all that I had left, far, far away, seemed to be in the reading of that book; every page had its mirror of the past; and like an Æolian harp of the mind, my feelings became tuned to the reminiscences of yore, and every line I read as some soft zephyr, swept over it and awoke tones that spoke of the “old house at home;” is it to be wondered at that the book became doubly valuable to me. I treasured it the more, and read it the oftener, as it thus disentombed the past: it was under the influence of such feelings that the lines in the text were written on the fly-sheet of the work.

End of Notes to Domestic Pieces.

NOTES TO MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

PAGE 16—LINE 7.

*A fluttering crimson cloud on high,
That flapped—and soared—and swept him by;*

The “Scarlet Ibis,” or Guara of Brazil, is a most beautiful bird, having the long neck and legs of the crane, and a long narrow bill, rather bent; its plummage is, when at maturity, of a bright red colour, with the exception of two or three of the flight feathers at the end of the wings, which are of a deep black. The coasts of Alcantara and Guimaraes is little more than one vast collection of small islands, so completely is it cut up by innumerable rivers, creeks, and arms of the sea, that I was at one time, for three days in a small canoe, paddled by an old Cabouclo and his two sons, threading our way along the coast, and yet we never, save in running across the bay of Cuma, required to expose our-

selves, to any great extent, upon the open sea, in our frail craft; no sooner were we out of one narrow passage, between the thick woods on the one side, and the low swampy islands, with their knotted mangrove bushes, to protect us from the swell of the Atlantic, on the other, than hugging the shore of the bay or river that we opened into, until we observed some break in the thick foliage on the opposite shore, when we dashed across, and disappeared into some new channel that wound its way amidst the numerous islands that seemed to be placed here, as breakwaters against the power of the Atlantic. These narrow passages have become resting places for the Guara and Garga, that, undisturbed for centuries, have here collected in immense quantities. It was towards the close of the day that we reached the mouth of the river Pira-assu, and were starting to cross the bay of Cuma, towards the Coroa dos Ovos, when, in passing between some islands and the shore, we opened upon a "rookery"—I can think of no better name, at least none so expressive—of Scarlet Ibis, in numbers exceeding the power of judging even by thousands: the firing of a pistol rose the mighty flock, the immense cloud darkened the heavens; the light, flashing hither and thither, as the movement of their countless wings opened and shut the sunbeam of the god of day; who, setting slowly behind the dense mass of the mangrove woods, sent up his parting rays to

play upon the bright plumage of the feathered thousands, as they sailed around and over their resting place; the incessant flapping of their wings echoing around, their *Ave Maria*, and the glittering and refulgent light that sparkled from their glossy surfaces, seemed as if it flashed in the sun's mellowed and departing rays, as the essence of their prayer, sent on high to soar upon his beams, and ascend in gratitude to Him, whom they held as God of nature and of light. Upon my return six weeks afterwards, from these wild solitudes, to the haunts of civilization, I mentioned my discovery, when an American gentleman, who had arrived from the States expressly to obtain specimens in Ornithology, and who was, I believe, connected professionally with the well-known Mr. Audubon, immediately equipped the launch belonging to an American vessel then in port, and sailed to the place to collect some specimens; the satire in the text was written in consequence, as a little harmless revenge for the disturbing of the great colony of the Scarlet Ibis.

PAGE 120—LINE 5.

I saw a vision of the shades below.

When this was written, the British Drama had fallen to much the same rank as it held during the lifetime of Shakspeare. The bear-bating, that was then allowed to

disgrace the stage, had, if not a worse, at least an equally disgusting exhibition; of hundreds of trembling fools, thronging our theatres to behold, in the nineteenth century, Civilization retrace her steps to the barbaric usages of Rome, to behold a man do that, for the money of the Briton, that the Emperors were wont to exact by power, from the shrinking slave—to behold the hired Gladiator wrestle with the ferocity of the lord of the forest; and then, to support the truth,

“ That great things link themselves with small.”

The scene would change, and

“ Dogs and monkeys grinning all apace.”

Would come,

“ And strut their hour upon the stage.”

Dressed a-la-mode, which the elite of the company might be observed, from the direction of their eye-glasses, to be busy scrutinizing, for the benefit of their own personal adornment.

PAGE 122—LINE 20.

Even Macready's forced to leave the stage.

At this time there was likewise a report abroad that Macready was about to retire from the stage—and young Kean, was on the eve of his departure for the United States.

PAGE 126—LINE 12.

*There is a time when souls from souls could sever,
The very essence of the love they breathe.*

This was written in Brazils, shortly after my receiving from England the intelligence of the death of three very valued friends—all in the bloom of youth. About the same time, three young acquaintance were upset in a canoe, at Maranham, and all lost. A singular coincidence, but a day or two previous to my writing this note, I received accounts, from Para, of the loss of Mr. G——, and his lady and only daughter, by the swamping of their canoe at the vessel's side, in the river Amazon—and singular enough they were returning from the very estate belonging to the friend with whom I stayed, during my visit there—and to whom I had strongly recommended Mr. G—— to be introduced, the evening previous to his starting for Para; when I took tea, in company with himself and family, at the house of a mutual friend, with whom he was staying, in Maranham. I might well write

Oh, heart! be thou from friendship warp'd forever,
So bring not sadness when thou hear'st of death.

PAGE 129—LINE 13.

The time may come when foe encounters foe.

Since the above was written, I regret to notice in the newspapers, that one of the gentlemen to whom the above was addressed, Lieutenant L ——k, in attempting to cut out a slaver, had some of his boat's crew killed, and was himself wounded ;—it is to be hoped not seriously, for

“ I knew him, Horatio ; a fellow of infinite jest,
Of most excellent fancy.”

PAGE 143—LINE 1.

Where Snowdon, Cambria's giant lord.

, READ

Where Snowdon, Cambria's star-crowned lord.

This alteration was inadvertantly omitted by the Printer.

NOTES TO SONGS.

PAGE 161—LINE 4.

Now, the slave of that White—and his Ganhadore.

The Ganhadores of Brazils are slaves sent out by their owners to work for hire ; they are accustomed to form themselves into gangs, and the gross amount of their gains at the end of the week, is honestly distributed in shares, to each, by their chosen chief, or captain : the stipulated amount required by each owner is paid to him by his slave, averaging about 400 reis, or one shilling per day, and the residue of his gains for the week, is at the disposal of the black, for the payment of his food and clothing : the number of each gang being limited, and the power of admitting new members, existing with themselves ; they are, as might be expected, the very choice of the blacks—stout, strong, robust fellows, many of them models of Herculean strength, and mostly all of the Angola and Mina races.

Ganhadore, from Ganhar (to gain), pronounced—

Gan-e-ya-dore.

PAGE 164—LINE 5.

*We fished, were successful ; we turned to the shore,
But were met by the burst of the hurricane's roar,
In vain to oppose it—as eagle we flew,
And bourne from the land—to our home, bid adieu !*

The fearful account of Magnus Murray and his boat's crew, poor fishermen, belonging to Moss Bank, Shetland, may still be in the remembrance of many; the following is the account copied from a Scotch paper, and from which the particulars were obtained that produced this song:—"The boat, whose crew consisted of the skipper (Magnus Murray), his son, a lad of fourteen years of age, and three men, had been out at the fishing on the night in question, and it having come on to blow strongly from the N.W., about nine o'clock, followed soon thereafter by a dreadful storm of wind and rain, it was deemed advisable, after having in vain attempted to gain the land, to allow her to run before the gale. About ten o'clock it became a dreadful hurricane. The little sail the boat had carried until then was now taken in, and every thing being made as secure as the circumstance would admit of, She was allowed to drift before it under bare poles, her unfortunate crew every moment expecting to be buried in the ocean, which, now agitated by the wind, presented a

spectacle fearful to contemplate. It was with the greatest difficulty that the boat could be kept *end on*, as seamen call it, struck, as she was in all directions by the waves, and hurried on at a speed impossible to describe. The position of the crew became each moment more and more appalling, and as no abatement of the storm seemed likely to take place, they were on the point of resigning themselves to their fate, when they were again encouraged by appearances of daybreak. The light, however, only served to make the frightful position in which they were placed, more visible, and at the mercy of the wind, surrounded by the roaring waters, drenched to the skin, and exhausted by incessant labour, death in its most appalling form stared them in the face. The very slender stock of provisions which happened to be in the boat was completely destroyed by the sea beating over it, and the cravings of hunger were thus added to the other sufferings to which the hapless crew were exposed. About six o'clock on the morning of the second day, land was seen. Scarcely had they descried it, however, when the wind, which had continued to blow tremendously from N.W., suddenly veered round to a contrary direction, and continuing to blow as fiercely as before, drove them again rapidly out to sea. Despair was now depicted in every countenance, when a heavy shower of rain began to descend, and to the delight

of the poor fishermen, as suddenly brought round the wind to the old quarter. They were now driven rapidly towards the coast, along which fearful breakers were seen in all directions—thus not leaving them a vestige of hope of being enabled to gain the land without their boat being swamped. No alternative was left them, however, and in went the boat into the boiling waters. Death seemed now inevitable ; but the boat drove into a small ceeek, the entrance to which was just sufficiently large to receive her. Several persons were now seen hastening to their relief, and the boat having grounded on the beach, they were told they had made Fairglass, in Norway. The poor fishermen were completely exhausted. On their complete recovery from the fatigues of their perilous voyage, the consul had them shipped to Hull, from which port they were conveyed to Leith, and from thence, per steamer Sovereign, Captain Phillips, to Lerwick, where they safely arrived. Our informant, who happened to be on board this vessel with the men, says that the skipper of the boat, Murray, was much affected on again seeing the Shetland Islands, and gave utterance to the feelings of delight with which he expected to meet his wife and family by tears of joy. The poor man was at the time unconscious of the sad events which had occurred in his family during his absence. Murray's wife, our informant

was told, had sunk under the misfortune of having lost her husband, as she supposed, and had died about a week before his arrival, after having given birth to a still-born child—while his eldest daughter, a girl of about eighteen years of age, had been so affected by the sad event—the certainty of her father and brother being drowned, and she left to provide for a young and helpless family of eight children, that she had lost her reason, and was at the time in a truly pitiable state. The poor man, Murray, has indeed, been sorely tried.”

End of Notes to Songs.

NOTES TO MONTBAR.

PAGE 176—LINE 1.

*The verdant hills encircle a small bay,
Where glassy waters dance each stars's soft ray.*

It was during my residence in Brazil, that the *Thalia*, a large ship from England, was lost; the unfortunate death of her commander upon the voyage, the same with whom, as his passenger, I had crossed the Atlantic, was the prelude to a train of disasters that ended in the vessel being drifted from her course and cast upon one of the numerous banks that encompass the shores of Guimaraes: it was upon my volunteering to start to the assistance of her distressed crew, who, the black runner that brought the intelligence informed us, were sheltering themselves, as they best could, upon the open beach, far away from any human habitation; and it was this journey that obtained for me my first view of the wild scenes along that ocean-bound coast.

It was upon the eve of the fifth day after my departure, during the two last of which we had passed but one straggling village, formed by a few huts of the Cabouclos, mere cabins of trellis-work and mud, thatched with the pindova, that we reached a bay formed by the estuary of the river Uru, upon the centre of a bank at the mouth of which, and at about a mile from shore, we saw for hours before we reached her in our small casca, the shattered remains of the noble vessel, that but a week before

“ Had walked the waters like a thing of life ;”

while upon the sloping side of a sandhill upon the beach that formed the extreme point of the main land, the white tops of the tents of her shipwrecked crew, shone bleak and unprotected from the ocean's spray ; while high above them, attached to the long gnarled limb of a mangrove, the union-jack of Britain swayed mournfully to and fro in the evening breeze.

The whole country for miles around was covered with one vast mantle of forest trees, interspersed with a network of countless streams and inlets, that seemed to have rushed to hide themselves among the mangrove bushes, to fly the rough contact with the ruder waters of the ocean, that lashed their foaming heads in anger against the outer shores, as if enraged at finding themselves

checked, even by the firm buttress of the land of a continent.

It is into the secluded harbors formed by these numerous creeks, that the light and swift sailing crafts of the slaver find an unmolested refuge for the furtherance of their diabolical purposes; and where they are met by numbers of the unscrupulous agents, they employ to smuggle from hence, the contraband cargo of human flesh, and dispose of it, to the ready purchasers in the heart of the country.

It was here upon this desolate beach, where I remained more than five weeks, that in the quiet moonlight nights, I would often, when reclining in my rede suspended from poles erected in the sand, and following with my eyes the silent walk of the armed sailor whose turn it was to act as sentinal, as he passed and repassed between my net and the watch-fire, or starting as his rough challenge broke upon the stillness of the night; and the sound of paddles, and the phosphorus flash upon the waters, pointed out the track of the casca of the Indian, winding its stealthy way round the point of sand upon which we were encamped, to cross over under the safeguard of night, on its errand of plunder, to the wrecked vessel upon the banks: it was then that memory

would recall the many wild adventures and daring deeds, that I had read in a far distant land, of the ruthless Buccaneer, in the clime, and perhaps on the very waters upon which I gazed.

The desire to embody in words the ever changing scenes that swept before me in the diorama of my mind, produced the First Canto of Montbar, and the description of the bay, in which his vessel lay moored in the shade to avoid the prying eye of observation, was suggested by the scenes then around me, and by the captain and crew of a slave vessel actually coming and offering to allow me to charter their vessel, for the purpose of transmitting to Maranham what cargo was already saved from the wreck ; and though we remained for more than a fortnight after the arrival of this rascal, before the canoe came that we expected, and he and his crew, a gang of some twenty and odd ill-looking Brazilians, Spaniards, Blacks, and Tapuyas, visited us in their boats daily, and offered, should I agree to their terms, to bring round their vessel with the fall of the first tide, we never could obtain the slightest clew to her hiding place ; and that she was near was evident ; for some of her crew, desirous of gaining over to recruit their numbers, some of the shipwrecked sailors, would sometimes leave us, and return in the space of an hour or two with articles that could but have

been obtained from a vessel ; and it was known we were at the least a day's journey from the nearest hut—two, from the nearest village, and five from where alone such things could have been purchased.

But the whole of the light draught schooners of Great Britain, might have been hidden in the thousand intricacies of the winding creeks and inlets within ten miles around ; and you might have wandered on water for a day, and not, perhaps, have opened upon one of them.

PAGE 132—LINE 11.

*But, who is he so rapt in his own thought,
Who never yet has human friendship sought ?*

Amidst all the numerous records of the Buccaneers, Montbar stands pre-eminently superior to the common herd, raised above them, by the romantic chivalry of his character. The following notice of him is to be found in the account of the Buccaneers of America, introduced into the Life and Voyages of Dampier, page 248.

“ Montbar was a gentleman of Languedoc, who, from reading in his youth of the horrible cruelties practised by the Spaniards upon the Mexicans and Caribs, imbibed a hatred of the whole Spanish nation, which possessed him

like a frenzy. It was this impulse which led this singular person to join the ranks of the Buccaneers. His comrades were often merciless from the lust of gold; but 'vengeance on the Spaniards' was the sole passion of Montbar. It is related by Raynal, that while at college, in acting the part of a Frenchman, who quarrels with a Spaniard, he assaulted the youth who personated an individual of that hated nation, with such fury that he had well nigh strangled him. His imagination was perpetually haunted by the shapes of multitudes of persons butchered by monsters from Spain, who called upon him to revenge them.

"While on his passage outward to league himself, with the Brethren of the Coast, the inveterate enemies of Spain, the vessel in which he sailed fell in with a Spanish ship, and captured it. No sooner had the Frenchmen boarded the vessel, than Montbar, with his sabre drawn, twice rushed along the decks, cutting his frantic way through the ranks of Spaniards, whom he swept down. While his comrades divided the booty acquired by his prowess, Montbar stood apart, musing over the lifeless bodies of the detested people, against whom he had vowed everlasting and deadly hate. From this and similar actions he acquired the name of the *Exterminator*."

PAGE 185—LINE 7.

*As youth advanced he left his hut to roam,
And in the uncut forests found a home,
Where Earth teemed forth her wildest sons to range
O'er Freedom's fields, with every day a change.*

The first predatory hunters of Cuba and Hispaniola, if men following the chase in such wilds may be so harshly termed, were natives of France. From the customs connected with their vocation in the woods, arose the formidable name of *Bucanier*, by which the association came to be distinguished, whether pirates or foragers, on shore or in the wilderness. The term was adopted from the Carib Indians, who called the flesh which they prepared *Boucan*, and gave the hut, where it was slowly dried and smoked on wooden hurdles or barbecues, the same appellation. To the title of which the desperadoes of England were known, the French preferred the name of *Flibustier*, said to be a corruption of the English word Freebooter. The Dutch named the natives of their country, employed in this lawless mode of life, *Sea-rovers*. *Brethren of the Coast*, was another general denomination for this fraternity of pirates and outlaws; till all distinctions were finally lost in the title of *Bucaniers of America*. But the same feeling which induced men of respectable

family to lay aside their real names on entering this association, led others of them to sweeten their imaginations with a term less intimately allied with every species of crime and excess; and Dampier, among others, always spoke of the individual members of the brotherhood as "privateers," while their vocation of piracy was named "privateering."

The erratic life of this fortuitous assemblage of bold and dissolute men, had been carried on in time of peace as hunters; during this time they acted as the rude pioneers of the European states to which they respectively belonged, clearing the way for the industrious and peaceful settlers of France and England, both of which countries secretly cherished, while they ostentatiously disclaimed, the Buccaneer."—*History of the Buccaneers.*

PAGE 186—LINE 5.

*Where the rude chase they killed procured them food,
And clothed their savage state of hardihood.*

"The dress of these ruffians assorted well with their brutal and ferocious character. It has been described as a fixed costume, though there is little doubt that the same necessity which dictates to the savage his clothing of skins, prescribed to these inhabitants of the woods

their filthy and terrific garb; this consisted of a shirt and trowsers, dipped in the blood of the cattle hunted and killed, buskins without stockings, a cap with a small front, and a hide girdle, into which were stuck a knife, sabre, and brace of pistols. The bloody garments, though attributed to design were probably among the hunters the effect of chance and slovenliness."

During the stay of the Author at the wreck, by the mouth of the river Uru, great numbers of the Caboucos, who visited us, were dressed much in the same way as above described, their trowsers dyed red, from the mangrove, with the never-failing "faca-de-ponta" in the belt, and many carrying besides, the bow and arrow, with the use of which they were particularly skilful; especially for the purpose of fishing, one man often standing quietly in the bows of the canoe, while his companion urged it gently up the stream, close by the shore, and past the narrow junction of streamlets, and he seldom failed to transfix whatever fish might rise before them. While looking at their uncouth-coloured garments, it could not but strike the Author as more than probable that the blood-red garments of the Buccaneers had been obtained by the same process, and that the account of their clothes being steeped in the blood of the cattle they killed, was but a fable to add terror to their name. The mangrove, besides a red

dye, produces, when mixed with the mud collected from around its roots, a very dark brown, indeed almost a black.

End of Notes to the First Canto of Montbar.

' ERRATA.

PAGE 24—LINE 6.

For "*Make your breasts,*" read "*Makes your breast.*"

PAGE 38—LINE 17.

The high masts creaking, bending as the reed :

In the M.S.S. it was

The high masts creaking at each fearful gust,

The stout shrouds twanging forth harsh harmony.

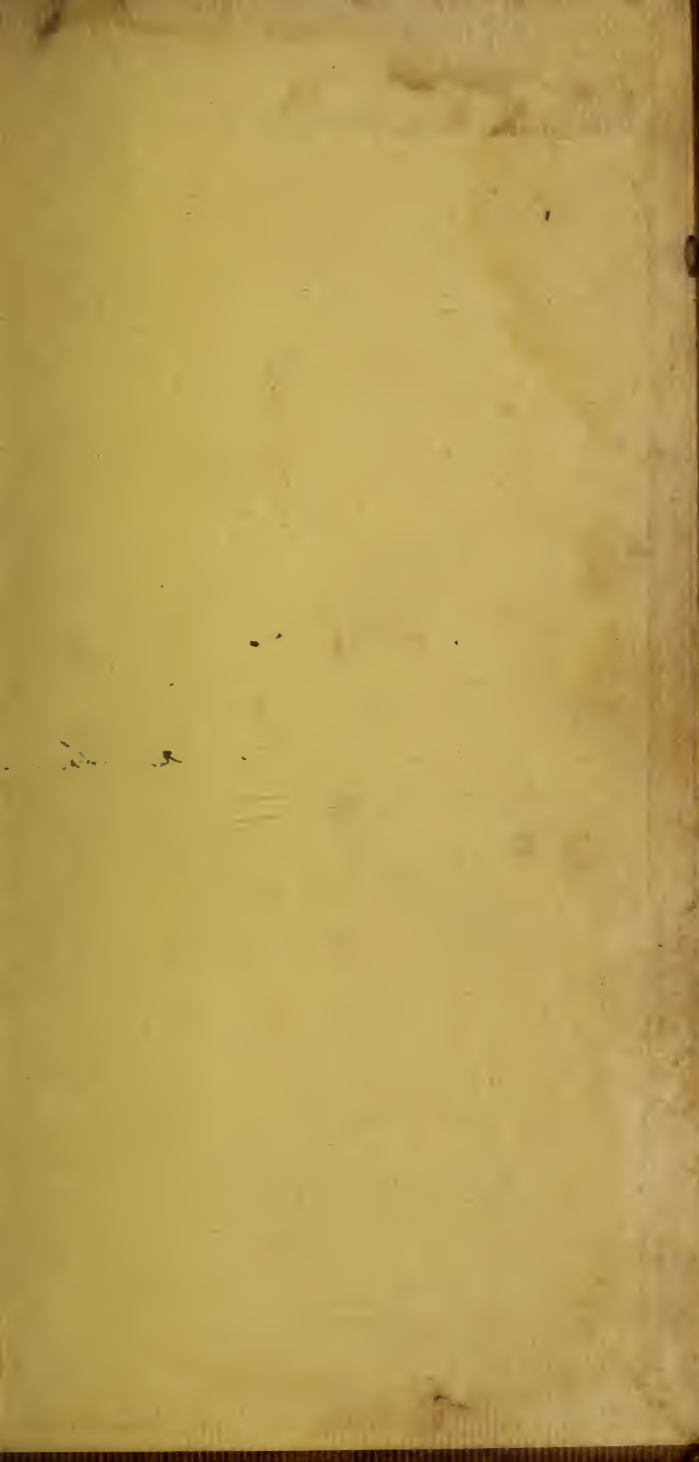
PAGE 70—LINE 8.

For "*swimmings*" read "*swimming 's*"

PAGE 135—LINE 5.

For "*lends it*" read "*leads it*"

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